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THE WAR.

EVEN the warmest friends of France must allow that this has been a most disastrous week for the French arms. The easy surrender of Mont Avron, and the effect of the German firing on the Eastern forts, are full of imminent danger to Paris, while on the Northern line of communications Mézières and Rocroi have fallen. In the North, General MANTEUFFEL has beaten back once more the greatly superior forces of FAIDHERBE. General von WERDER, in the East, has received large reinforcements; there has been a German success near Havre; and the affair at Vendôme, which was rightly claimed as a French success, for a German force was driven back, turns out to have been one of the most brilliant feats performed by German soldiers during the war. The narrative of the adventurous expedition from Vendôme, the courage and sagacity of the German commander, and the resolution and bravery with which his mere handful of men, surrounded on all sides by overpowering numbers, cut their way through all opposition, gives a more vivid picture perhaps of the enormous superiority of the disciplined veterans of Germany to the raw levies of France than any other incident of the war. In the early days of the war the Germans overpowered, by numbers quite as much as by skill, the regular armies of France. Now, a German force, numerically much inferior, attacks or resists the enemy with an unflinching belief that it must win. At Pont Noyelles, General MANTEUFFEL, with 24,000 men, drove FAIDHERBE and 60,000 Frenchmen out of one of the strongest positions an army could wish to occupy. This week FAIDHERBE has again fought his enemy. We do not at present know how many men FAIDHERBE had with him; but GOEBEN, acting under MANTEUFFEL, had only 15,000 men under him when he was attacked at Bapaume. Monday's contest was indecisive, but the Germans held their ground, although in all probability the enemy was as four to one against them. On Tuesday GOEBEN was reinforced, probably from that portion of MANTEUFFEL's force which had been sent to Peronne. The battle lasted all day on Tuesday, and both sides claimed the victory. General FAIDHERBE boldly proclaimed that he had had a complete success, and had inflicted a defeat which even German boasters would not deny. General MANTEUFFEL, however, not only did deny it, but stated that he had forced the French to retire northwards; and the latest accounts show that General FAIDHERBE has gone northwards, and is now near Arras. The French, we have no doubt, fought well; and their artillery may, as they say, have proved a match for the German artillery. They took several villages on the first day, and pressed the tiny German force opposed to them very hard; but the one object of FAIDHERBE's advance was to relieve Paris, and the end of the two days' engagement is that he has been driven away from Paris, and that he has again found that, with at least double the number of troops on his side, he cannot make an impression on the solid strength of the German line that is barring his way to the capital. Whether there is better fortune in store for CHANZY no one can say, but at the lowest estimate he will have to face little less than 80,000 Germans, and that the troops he has under him can break through 80,000 Germans is only to be believed when it is found to be true. To those who consider the fall of Paris a matter of secondary importance, it may seem a great gain that the troops of FAIDHERBE and CHANZY are learning the art of war, that they are taught to fight again and again although beaten, and that they may form the nucleus of a prolonged and possibly successful French resistance. But we cannot consider the fall of Paris as a matter of secondary importance. On the contrary, it seems to us an event of such grave moment that at present it is idle to speculate on what will happen after it.

If Paris is not to be relieved from without, Paris must save itself or capitulate. When first it was known in Paris that

the German bombardment had begun, the Parisians appear to have been elated rather than depressed, as with their usual sanguine credulity they accepted it as a sign that the besiegers, threatened by the victorious armies of provincial France, had been driven to play their last card. But when it was known that Mont Avron had been taken, after a resistance that can scarcely be called a resistance at all, the Parisians awoke to a sense of danger that was new to them. The Germans were lost in surprise that they should have got Mont Avron so easily, and their surprise was increased when they saw how very strong the fortress had been made, and what it must have cost them to take it had there been any resolute resistance to them. The explanation which all accounts make most probable is, that the infantry in Mont Avron would not fight, and that the gunners, finding it hopeless to resist an assault without infantry to support them, retired also. The Germans followed up their success at Mont Avron by continuing the bombardment of the three Eastern forts, and in three days reduced them to silence. Whether they have been abandoned or whether they have been greatly injured is unknown to the Germans. The cessation of their fire may be intended to lure the Germans on to some position where the guns of the forts could cause an enormous loss. All that is known is that for the present these forts are silent, and that the Germans, perfectly alive to the possibility of danger, are proceeding with the utmost caution. They have not pushed their advantage on the East, but on Thursday began the bombardment of the Southern forts; and a great success against these forts would be much more decisive than one on the East could be. On the French side the prospect of sorties being made with any reasonable hope of breaking the lines of the besiegers grows fainter every day. The positions which in former sorties the French have won have been now made untenable, and the failure of the sortie of the 21st of December has broken the confidence of the French troops. General TROCHU says that it was the frost that baffled him; but the plain fact is that he gained no military advantage, kept his troops quite unprotected in frost until they died in numbers by the exposure, and then had to go back into Paris. The Germans have now created, in every position where a sortie is possible, such strong works of defence that a sortie made by the best troops in the world would be a very dangerous operation. But the troops under General TROCHU have not, if we may trust the accounts received from Paris, any disposition to make sorties. They consider they are being led to certain death. It is true that there are nominally half a million of soldiers in Paris, and the more violent papers in Paris are beginning to revile TROCHU, and call out that a more vigorous leader is wanted. But what is wanted for a successful sortie is not half a million of dubious, hesitating soldiers, but fifty thousand men who are quite prepared to die if they are told to go where they think they must die. It can only be on a very small proportion of his troops that General TROCHU can rely as men of such high quality.

When the news of the taking of Mont Avron became known, the Maires of Paris had a meeting and took counsel as to what was to be done, and how long the city could subsist on the stores it still contains. Every one was determined on resisting to the last; but the conclusion was arrived at, and was suffered to be made public, that on or about the 18th of January, that is, in ten days from the present time, fresh meat will come to an end in Paris, and that bread will last for perhaps a fortnight longer. The accounts of the chief English Correspondents in Paris confirm this calculation, and they add that the stock of common wine is running short, and that there are no ascertainable stores in any large quantity of salt meat or fish. At present Paris is only partially suffering. Quiet, respectable families, who hide their misery as long as they can, are suffering terribly. Women and young children can barely, in

those modest, honourable homes, sustain existence, and are dying off rapidly for want of proper food and nourishment. More especially they suffer from lack of fuel, and the Government has decided to sacrifice the trees which all Parisians love so well. It affords one of the most striking and pointed contrasts of the history of the war to find that while the Parisians are shivering and starving for want of fuel, and are now at the last moment thinking of getting wet firewood from the beautiful trees of their city, the Saxons are, according to an English Correspondent, sitting before the most comfortable fires made of the dry wood they everywhere found ready stacked for the Paris market. But the people who suffer most in Paris are at present exactly the people who say least, and who would be most ashamed of seeming deficient in patriotism. They are the families of the upper classes of moderate means, and the families of the bourgeoisie. The very poor receive daily rations, and the National Guard get two and a-half francs a-day; and a large proportion of them, finding that they get their money with very little trouble and still less danger, are exceedingly demonstrative as patriots, and will not hear of surrender. A private citizen who dared to speak of capitulation would run the risk of being immediately lynched. But General TROCHU will have to announce the sad necessity of surrender when he sees that all chance of relief or of successful sorties is over, and that he can no longer feed the poor and the troops. It would be an act of real courage to make this announcement, but it will probably have to be done, and it will be an act of courage and humanity to make it in such a manner and at such a time as to spare Paris from the horrors of starvation after it has capitulated.

SPAIN.

THE tragic event which occurred at the moment when King AMADEUS first set foot in Spain may perhaps for the time excite the enthusiasm of his adherents, while it will certainly discredit his adversaries; but the loss of his powerful protector will be felt deeply, not only by himself, but by the country. Few statesmen in a revolutionary period can boast of a stainless career, nor is it difficult to give an unfavourable interpretation to the mixed motives and ambiguous acts which make up the eventful history of Marshal PRIM. He owed his rank as a grandee of Spain to one of many military revolutions which interrupted the reign of ISABELLA II. He was afterwards engaged in an intrigue against NARVAEZ, who accused him of a design upon his life; and after serving under O'DONNELL in Morocco and Mexico, he once more unsuccessfully attempted to overthrow NARVAEZ with the aid of some mutinous regiments. After a year or two of exile the Revolution of 1868 raised him to supreme power, which he seems to have used according to his best judgment for the benefit of his country. Of his gallantry as a soldier he gave brilliant proof in the Morocco campaign; and his political judgment and firm resolution were shown when he withdrew, with the Spanish contingent, from the joint expedition to Mexico. O'DONNELL, then at the head of the Spanish Government, was, like PRIM, actuated by patriotic ambition, and there is reason to believe that he would not unwillingly have shared the ill-omened laurels of the French expedition for the conquest of Mexico; but PRIM had been instructed to use force only to extort satisfaction for Spanish claims, and he had the sagacity to foresee that the adventurous scheme of the Emperor NAPOLEON was fraught with danger. If the most upright Spanish politicians may be trusted, rebellion against the vicious and superstitious Government of ISABELLA could not be regarded as a crime. When the revolution was accomplished, the most vigorous chief of the army naturally became the real head of the Government under a nominal superior. It will be remembered to PRIM's honour that, from the revolution to his death, the army, while it maintained order against Carlist and Republican insurrections, was never allowed to express a political opinion, or to interfere with the sovereignty of the Cortes. It would perhaps have been better if he had not allowed so long an interval to elapse before the selection of a King, but it was necessary or convenient that the Constituent Cortes should finish its task in freedom; and, after the restoration of the monarchy had been voted, PRIM was greatly embarrassed by the unwillingness of various candidates to accept the vacant throne. He might at any time have made his own terms with the Republicans, and, as long as he retained the control of the army, he would, in the absence of a King, have been practically Dictator.

Political assassination, though it has often been defended

by sophists and fanatics, is one of the most inexcusable of crimes. It is unnecessary to inquire whether tyrannicide can be justified in extreme cases such as those of NERO or DOMITIAN. No such lawless enemies of the human race exercise power in the modern civilized world; and the actual or intended victims of assassination are for the most part representatives of numerous and powerful parties. The murder of an obnoxious King or Minister is not only, like other murders, criminal, but also intrinsically unfair. It is not till the loser has tried his fortune without success that he attempts to sweep the stakes by setting at defiance the rules of the game. Marshal PRIM had been raised to the head of the Government by a revolution of which almost all Spaniards professedly approve; and he had throughout his administration been supported by the majority of a Cortes fairly representing the people. It is true that he was formidable to his adversaries as Commander-in-Chief of the army; but, although it is possible that in certain contingencies he might have appealed to military force, he had in fact governed by constitutional methods, except when it became necessary to suppress insurrection. The bullets of the assassin prove nothing and settle nothing, though perhaps the catastrophe may give public opinion a Conservative direction. It is unfortunate that the last act of the Minister's life involved a grave irregularity, although it received Parliamentary sanction. The Cortes, which had in November elected as King the candidate whom PRIM proposed, had lately been engaged in violent debates. The Government first gave the Opposition an excuse for its attacks by proposing for the King a Civil List which to foreigners seems excessive in amount. The sum had probably been arranged during the negotiations with the Italian Court and Government; and it was deemed necessary or proper that the grant should be voted before the arrival of King AMADEUS in Spain. Several other Bills awaited the decision of the Cortes; and it became evident that by the use of Parliamentary forms the minority would have the power of delaying for a considerable time the discussion and adoption of the Civil List. In these circumstances the Ministers determined, in conformity with objectionable precedents, to dissolve the Cortes, having first procured for themselves authority to pass any measures which might be left undisposed of at the close of the Session. The remonstrances of the Opposition were supported by some of the most respectable among the independent members of the Cortes; and especially by Admiral TOPETE, whose undisputed honesty commands universal confidence. Notwithstanding the taunts and attacks of his political opponents, Marshal PRIM remained obstinately silent while the majority carried the Ministerial measures, and the President, as usual in Continental Parliaments, a zealous partisan, construed the Standing Orders on every occasion in favour of the Government. The vote for the dissolution of the Cortes was ultimately carried, and the Government was for certain purposes temporarily invested with legislative power; but it was not suspected that Marshal PRIM intended to delay the general election, or to transcend the authority which he had received from the Cortes. It is possible that the angry passions which were excited during the debate may have been the cause of the murder which followed, but it may be hoped that the Republican leaders will be able to clear themselves of complicity in the crime. Probably they are only responsible for extravagance of language, which has been translated into a bloody deed by a vulgar assassin. When a statesman is publicly denounced as a traitor, factious partisans readily forget that orators are often half-consciously metaphorical. The writers in the extreme Republican journals, and especially in the *Combate*, are scarcely entitled to profit by the same excuse. A writer in the *Combate*, a few days before the murder, invited the Republicans to rise in arms as soon as the proper moment arrived; and it is naturally believed that the occasion to which he referred was the death of the PRIME MINISTER.

The most immediate cause of anxiety is the uncertainty which prevails as to the disposition of the army. SERRANO, who was two years ago not less popular among soldiers and officers than PRIM, has taken no pains to cultivate his interest; and it is not known that any other general can rely, like PRIM, on the obedience and attachment of the troops. The REGENT made the best choice possible at the moment by appointing Admiral TOPETE President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of War. If the army were content to be governed by a distinguished sailor, TOPETE would more than any other man command the confidence of all parties. During the recent debates in the Cortes he made a speech which, although he professed not to be an orator, displayed a clearness of perception and an honesty of purpose which were

better than eloquence. He declared that after taking a principal part in the expulsion of the QUEEN, and after signing the Constitution, he could not vote for the exceptional measures of the Ministry without reducing himself to the level of a vulgar conspirator. He had left the Government, he said, because he was a consistent supporter of the Duke of MONTPENSIER as the most eligible candidate for the Crown; but, having retired from office, he had neither troubled his former colleagues by opposition, nor renounced his personal friendship for PRIM. The whole Cortes felt that, whatever might be the case with party politicians, Admiral TOPETE had arrived at his conclusion on conscientious grounds. Immediately after his unwilling acceptance of office he was called upon to decide whether he would proceed to Carthage to take part in the formal reception of the KING; and once more sacrificing his private inclination to public duty, he undertook the ceremonial functions which belonged to his office. TOPETE will probably support the new Ministry which has been formed by Marshal SERRANO, but it is cause for regret that he thought himself unable to retain his office. His colleagues might have supplied his deficiency of political experience, and the first want of Spain is that the highest place in the Government shall be filled by a thoroughly honest man. The KING, who must necessarily for the present rely upon his Ministers, appears to have made a favourable impression on his first arrival in Spain; but if he had not before appreciated the difficulty and uncertainty of his position, the first tidings which reached him on his landing must have suggested grave and anxious thoughts.

THE MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

OF the new Government appointments, perhaps the best is that of Lord HARTINGTON, who is likely to be a vigorous and popular Irish Secretary. It is well that the incumbent of the office should be connected with Ireland by property, and yet that he should not have mixed himself up with any of the local factions. In Ireland, also, high social rank, though not indispensable, may sometimes add to the influence of a judicious Minister. There is no reason to suppose that Lord HARTINGTON has any obstinate prejudice on the vexed question of sectarian education; and as the heir of one of those great landowners who can afford to administer their estates on a liberal and uniform system, he will not be disinclined to facilitate the practical operation of the Irish Land Bill. It may be presumed that Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE wished to be relieved from an office in which he may have contracted onerous engagements; and his claim to official advancement, after his Parliamentary services in the last two Sessions, could not fairly be disputed. Of the business of the Board of Trade he can have little knowledge; but he will have an active and ambitious assistant in Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE. Mr. FORTESCUE's longer acquaintance with official and Parliamentary life will enable him on occasion to temper the zeal of his Secretary, and perhaps, unlike his predecessors, he may find leisure and inclination to make some of the improvements which are urgently needed in the organization of the office. Mr. MONSELL, now Postmaster-General, is a respectable and popular member of the House, and he has had some official experience; but it matters little who is Postmaster-General. The machinery which he is supposed to manage is adjusted by the permanent members of the establishment, and the Parliamentary chief, who until lately was always a peer, is generally a person for whom it is necessary to find a place. As an Irish member, and a zealous Roman Catholic, Mr. MONSELL would have been subject to many embarrassments as Secretary for Ireland, and his position scarcely entitles him to a seat in the Cabinet. It will be well if his promotion gratifies his colleagues of the same country and religious persuasion. If the priests and other managers of Irish elections were in the habit of selecting candidates as well qualified for the public service as Mr. MONSELL, they would add greatly to their own Parliamentary influence. Mr. GLADSTONE has caused some surprise by passing over Mr. STANSFELD in the course of his arrangements; but if it was thought desirable to move Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, the Board of Trade provided the only suitable vacancy; and a Secretary of the Treasury is more actively and usefully employed than a Postmaster-General. It is not improbable that further changes will be made before the end of the present year; and Mr. STANSFELD is younger than the majority of the members of the Government.

The general interest in the expected appointments and promotions was principally concentrated in the War Office. Any member of Parliament, if he were made President of the Board of Trade, could send railway inspectors to report on accidents

or new lines; and the letter-writing community would scarcely discover the difference if the Post Office were left without a head; but the Minister of War has at all times important duties to discharge, and at the present moment he is called upon to devise a new military system, and to persuade Parliament to accept it. The demand for special knowledge and aptitude was so urgent that the appointment of a soldier to the War Office would have been generally approved, although in ordinary cases there is good reason for selecting the principal Ministers from the ranks of Parliamentary leaders. The common report that Mr. CARDWELL wished to retire from the War Office may perhaps, as it proves to have been unfounded, express a prevailing opinion that his place might be more advantageously filled. Among the other members of the Cabinet, only Lord DE GREY and Lord HARTINGTON have acquired experience in the office; and at a time when great changes are urgently required, there is sometimes convenience in bringing a fresh mind to bear upon pressing questions. Mr. FORSTER, though he is not known to have paid attention to military matters, has shown in his present office great faculty of organization; but perhaps the resentments which have been provoked by some of the provisions of the Education Bill might have thrown difficulties in the way of his re-election. Unless Mr. GLADSTONE had been prepared to deviate from the usual course of selection, it would not be easy for him to find an efficient successor to Mr. CARDWELL. The unlucky connexion of Lord SALISBURY with the Conservative party deprives the country for the present of a statesman who would be chosen by general consent to fill the most arduous administrative posts. Both Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. GLADSTONE must be aware that unless a reasonably satisfactory scheme of national defence is laid before Parliament, Ministerial changes, probably not stopping at the War Office, will become inevitable. There is, indeed, no ground on which the Secretary for War should be held exclusively responsible for the legislative measures which it may be his duty to introduce. The Cabinet, and more especially the Prime Minister, is bound to supervise and assist the head of the War Department in a task of primary importance.

It is a great disadvantage to a Government when the difficulties which it may have to encounter are entirely different in character from the duties which it was originally chosen to perform. At the last general election the chief issue before the voters was whether they preferred the actual Minister or the leader of the Opposition; and in returning Mr. GLADSTONE, the great majority intended to provide for the destruction of the Irish Church and for some large alteration in the land tenure of Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE has done all that he promised to do; and his supporters, though they acknowledge his services, are therefore only retrospectively and coldly grateful. If there were any great political abuse to be reformed, Mr. GLADSTONE would again be better able than any other Minister to carry through Parliament any measure, however complicated, which might be necessary for the redress of the evil; but he has habitually regarded the army only as a source of expense, and perhaps he has scarcely yet reconciled himself to the disappointment of his hopes of universal and perpetual peace. The country vaguely feels that the most accomplished of financiers and of Parliamentary debaters is but imperfectly qualified to meet the necessities which are forced upon universal attention by the Continental war; and if Mr. GLADSTONE ceased to be popular with the constituencies, he would immediately lose his hold on the House of Commons. Two years, and perhaps one year, ago he could by a word have prevented the re-election of almost any supporter who had displayed mutinous tendencies; and on one or two occasions he was not unwilling to exercise his power. The withdrawal of the fulcrum from which he moves his party in Parliament would reduce him to the same helpless condition from which he emerged in 1868 by his proclamation of hostility to the Irish Church. The Greenwich malcontents who absurdly demand from him the resignation of his seat probably form but a small minority of his constituents; but they would scarcely have ventured to produce their discourteous remonstrance if Mr. GLADSTONE still retained his former political supremacy.

It is useless to repeat, and impossible to deny, the obvious proposition that the Government has not secured to itself any equivalent or compensation for the loss which it has sustained. It is true that Mr. BRIGHT scarcely affected to trouble himself with administration, and that nearly all the political issues with which he was actively concerned have become obsolete; yet, although he was strenuously disliked by the agitators connected with the working-class, his name and opinion had great weight with the Liberals of the large towns, including

the political Nonconformists. It was highly probable that the votes which were more or less at his command might, with the aid of his powerful eloquence, decide the fate of a great political contest. Politicians who share Mr. BRIGH'S opinions naturally contend that their own section of the majority of the House of Commons ought to have received, on the retirement of their principal leader, additional representation in the Cabinet. Their demand would have been perfectly just if they could have produced a candidate for office whose aid would have strengthened the Ministry; but Mr. STANSFELD, who may be supposed to be content with the office which he retains, would scarcely, even in the estimation of his friends, be regarded as a political leader. Since the ultra-Liberals first secured to themselves a considerable share of Parliamentary representation, they have been culpably indifferent to the qualifications of their members. Many of the number are intelligent men of business; but they scarcely aspire to the character of statesmen. The best excuse for Mr. GLADSTONE'S comparative failure in the recent distribution of office is to be found in the difficulty of any alternative choice which would be obviously preferable. One ingenious journalist proposed that the War Office should be given to Lord HALIFAX, with Mr. MUNDELLA as Under-Secretary. Both the supposed candidates possess considerable ability; but Lord HALIFAX, who first entered office forty years ago, is not superior in ability to Mr. CARDWELL, while he is about fifteen years older. Mr. MUNDELLA can have no special knowledge of the War Department; and Lord NORTHBROOK is one of the best of Under-Secretaries. The Government will recover all the power which it has lost if Mr. CARDWELL produces a good Army Bill; and in any case it will be difficult to replace it.

POLITICAL PRISONERS.

THERE are two theories as to the mode in which political prisoners ought to be treated. According to the one theory, they are persons who have been guilty of no moral crime, or at most of a very slight one. They have tried to incite to war or to make war, and they have been beaten. They are prisoners of war, and ought to be treated as such. It is, of course, quite proper that they should be kept in confinement, because the enemies of the existing Government cannot be allowed to go at large. But they ought to be treated while in confinement with the respect and courtesy which a generous enemy always extends to those he has captured on the field of battle. They ought to be carefully distinguished and kept apart from all ordinary criminals, well fed, allowed to communicate with their friends, subject only to such supervision as is necessary to ensure that they shall not use their involuntary leisure in hatching or aiding new plots; and they ought not to be called on to perform any manual labour. This, it is said, is only in accordance with the prevalent views entertained by society of their offence. They have been possibly foolish; possibly they may have only sacrificed themselves as the pioneers of a movement hereafter to be successful, but the success of which would have been impossible had not some enthusiasts stepped forward to start it and suffer for it. No one thinks they have done anything disgraceful. Their wives and families glory in bearing their name, and have none of the humiliation and sense of shame falling on those who are intimately associated with a pickpocket or a forger. Those who adopt this theory would have liked to see the Fenian prisoners treated as they think the captives of Sedan are, or ought to be, treated by the Germans. Of course all political prisoners are not alike, and no one probably would claim that the murderers of policemen at Manchester, or the authors of the Clerkenwell explosion, should be treated as if they were captive Marshals of France. But if the general theory were right, the ordinary Fenian who has been guilty of nothing more than treasonable writing, or acts intended to promote disaffection or war, ought no more to suffer extraordinary penalties because some persons sympathizing with their cause have been guilty of murdering innocent officials and civilians, than CANROBERT or BAZAINE ought to suffer extraordinary penalties because some French officers have broken their parole. The other theory is that political prisoners are exactly like other prisoners, that sedition and treason-felony are most dangerous and pernicious crimes calculated to do infinite harm to life and property, and that the law must be upheld with equal severity against them as against any other criminal whose crime has been defined by Parliament as an act deserving the same amount of punishment. But it is quite consistent with this view to say that the rigours of penal servitude may be properly

relaxed in particular cases, because those rigours fall with unequal severity on different men. There are especially two parts of penal discipline which torture some men and hardly affect others. The association with the ordinary professed ruffian is most painful to men who have hitherto lived in homes of decency or refinement, while to the habitual criminal it is probably a source of positive pleasure; and, obviously, the severer forms of manual labour are nothing to persons accustomed to hard manual labour all their lives, while they are full of excessive hardship to men who have never done a day's work out of doors. The forger or the fraudulent trustee is in these respects exactly on a footing with the political prisoner; and in point of fact the prison authorities do make a difference when it can be shown to be reasonable that a difference should be made. They do not force all those condemned to penal servitude to herd together, and they adjust manual labour to the constitution and previous habits of the workman. All that political prisoners, therefore, if this theory is right, can ask, is that they should be treated as ordinary criminals, but that they should have such a relaxation of discipline made in their favour as would be granted to any other criminals who were like them in constitution and previous habits of living.

Last summer a Commission was appointed to inquire whether there was any ground for the allegation that the Fenian prisoners in English prisons had been harshly or improperly treated. As to what is meant by proper treatment of such prisoners in England there cannot be a shade of doubt. The English law knows nothing whatever of a difference between one class of criminals subjected to penal servitude and another. Persons guilty of treason-felony, when they undergo penal servitude, are treated precisely like all other persons undergoing penal servitude. They are entitled to reasonable relaxation of prison discipline for reasons which may apply to them as to any other criminals, but they are not entitled to anything more. If it was alleged that the Fenian prisoners were treated more harshly than other subjects of penal servitude of the same bodily constitution and the same previous habits of life, and if it was further alleged that the disparity of the treatment was due to a political animosity against the Fenians because they were Fenians, and if the Government thought that a sufficient *prima facie* case had been made out to warrant inquiry, they were quite right to issue a Commission. But, unfortunately, of the five Commissioners appointed only one was able to keep to the main point of inquiry. The other four seem to have been an amiable, zealous set of men, touched with horror at, for the first time in their lives, seeing thoroughly what convict life means, and filled with a vague, gentle pity for the poor well-meaning Fenians. The Government had given them some instructions which looked like an invitation to make general remarks, and they seized the opportunity. They thought themselves called on, even in small things, to make life more comfortable for the worthies who excited their compassion. They actually found that these unfortunate beings had no hot dinner on Sunday. This seemed unendurable to right-minded Commissioners. Hot dinners the convicts certainly had on all other days, but on Sunday they had only bread and cheese. The four Commissioners instantly vindicated the rights of these depressed and injured British subjects. They recommended earnestly that all convicts should always have hot dinners. They also were much troubled to find that refractory convicts, condemned to solitary confinement temporarily as a punishment, were not allowed to attend chapel while the punishment was going on. The prison authorities represented that the effect of solitary confinement would be much impaired if the solitude was broken into. But then, as the amiable Commissioners replied, there is the spiritual benefit the convicts would gain to be set on the other side. So they recommend the Government to go in steadily and persistently for spiritual benefit as well as hot dinners. This had nothing whatever to do with the inquiry whether the Fenians had been treated with exceptional rigour. But they strayed still further from what should have been the main object of their inquiry when they began to consider generally the subject of the proper treatment of political prisoners. They somehow came to the conclusion that the theory on which the English law proceeds is wrong and that the opposite theory is right, and that political prisoners ought to be regarded as a special, superior, respectable class. They recommend that political prisoners should be confined in a prison of their own. They did not find this recommendation on any of the evidence offered. They made it all out of their own heads; and it does not seem to have occurred to them that it had no more to do with what they were commissioned to deal with than if they

had recommended that treason should henceforth not be treated as a felony at all, but merely as a misdemeanour, and that the authors of civil war should be regarded much in the same light as cabmen plying for hire without a licence.

Fortunately Dr. GREENHOW, the fifth member of the Commission, was a man of strong good sense and clear judgment, who saw what his business was and stuck to it. He would not swerve from the main point. He would have nothing to do with the hot Sunday dinners. He thought that if a refractory prisoner was locked up in a dark cell, it must be looked on that he had deserved and was receiving a very severe punishment, and that if it was to be carried out at all, it ought to be carried out so as to be really deterrent. In fact, he said, with equal sense and modesty, that he thought all these general observations on the treatment of convicts were not much to the point, and that Commissioners in occasional visits during a few months could learn nothing on such points to set against the experience of the prison authorities. On what ought to have been made the main head of inquiry he was explicit enough, and so, on the whole, were the other Commissioners. The Fenian prisoners were treated as other convicts of their physical powers and previous habits were treated. They were permitted to live and work without associating more than was absolutely necessary with the ordinary criminals. They were not—except possibly in one instance, which, however, Dr. GREENHOW does not admit—put to harder work than was good for them. They did not, except to a slight extent, fall off in weight under prison fare and prison discipline; and naturally all convicts fall off a little. O'DONOVAN ROSSA was treated with peculiar forbearance after having been guilty of a disgusting outrage on the Governor of Chatham Prison. Flogging was the natural and proper punishment for a convict guilty of such an offence; and if a man of some education and refinement ought to be relieved from some of the extreme rigours of penal servitude because he cannot bear them as easily as the ordinary criminal, the greater is his fault if he commits an outrage worthy of a drunken bargee. But the prison authorities were too tender-hearted to flog a man like O'DONOVAN ROSSA. He was punished by being handcuffed, the handcuffs being fastened behind during the day, before during the night, and taken off altogether at meal-time. The punishment, through an oversight, was continued for a longer time than it would in the ordinary course have been. This was one of the grievances of which O'DONOVAN ROSSA complained, and his complaint was supported by the evidence offered to the Commissioners. A convict who richly deserved flogging was manacled in the right way and with proper consideration, but for more days than is usual. There was also a trumpsty story about a letter written by O'DONOVAN ROSSA, which the Governor wrongly suspected to be a love-letter, whereas it was really for the convict's wife. It is certainly to be regretted that any official should ever make any mistakes, but it would be thought a very mild grievance if a burglar who was let off flogging was kept handcuffed rather too long, or if the burglar was suspected of being in love with the wrong woman. As to the notion that there was any special persecution of the Fenians as Fenians, the charge, if it was ever meant to be made, wholly faded away; and the Fenian prisoners did not themselves insist on any pretence of the kind. In the same way the allegations made as to Fenians having been made to do work for which they were unfit came to very little. When the work disagreed with them they were permitted to change it for a lighter employment. They were tested at first to see for what they were fit, and so, we presume, would forgers and burglars have been. The fact is that all these allegations rested on the theory, half countenanced by the Commissioners themselves, that political convicts are a special sort of convicts, and ought somehow to be treated differently from other persons undergoing penal servitude, because their offence is only nominally a bad one, and is really an heroic, though silly, performance. If this was the right view, there was much of which the Fenian prisoners had to complain; but if for penal purposes one man condemned to fourteen years' penal servitude stands on a level with another, there was no ground of serious complaint.

THE CANNON-STREET MEETING.

IF the King of PRUSSIA and his advisers were inclined to defer to English public opinion, the promoters of meetings to express sympathy with the French would seriously injure their own cause. A German advocate of the prosecution of the war would point to the small and yet promiscuous gathering in Cannon Street as a proof that the citizens of London were either favourable to Germany or indifferent between the

belligerents. If the LORD MAYOR had committed an error in refusing the use of the Guildhall for the meeting, nothing would have been easier than for some leading persons to prove, by their attendance in Cannon Street, that the opinion of the City had been misunderstood. Instead of bankers and merchants, one solicitor, two barristers, and one member of Parliament appeared as the representatives of the City. It had been previously arranged that the speakers should be only City men; and therefore it must be assumed that Dr. KENEALY has some connexion with the City. In one of the resolutions the attendants at the meeting were made to describe themselves as "the citizens of London," just as the proverbial tailors of Tooley Street long since assumed the style of "the people of England." At another and more crowded meeting, in Old Street, Mr. BRADLAUGH announced that he spoke in the name of "the people." The body of professional agitators to which he belongs has profited largely by the use of the definite article. A small minority of working-men has for some time appropriated the title of "the working-men of London," and, as it is impossible exactly to ascertain their numbers, they have sometimes succeeded in their attempts to inspire alarm. It is more interesting to ascertain the character of the audience at meetings of this kind than to examine the arguments of the speakers. There seems to have been a difference of opinion in Mr. MERRIMAN's scanty assemblage on all points except the supposed atrocity of the conduct of the Prussians. Sir HENRY HOARE was so much impressed with the discordant doctrines uttered around him, that he exhorted his hearers to follow the example of the French, who "were content to obey like one man the dictates of GAMBETTA, as long as a single Prussian remained on the soil of France." As, happily, there are not at present any invaders on the soil of England, it might have been supposed that the precedent of French unanimity was not strictly applicable; nor, indeed, was it easy to define the conclusions on which the meeting was invited to agree. Sir HENRY HOARE himself seemed to incline to a policy of direct interference, which would at least be intelligible; but finding that he was met by cries of "Moral Force," which means no force at all, he judiciously confined himself to violent denunciations of the cruelty and treachery which he attributed to the Prussians. It seems that in the battles round Paris the Germans have been in the habit of turning up the butts of their muskets, in token of surrender; and, when the French came to accept their submission, they fired into them point-blank. The speaker both generalized and inverted a statement which was made some time since by a newspaper Correspondent. The act of treachery was only said to have been committed once, and the alleged delinquents were French.

Dr. KENEALY, seconding a resolution, objected to the use of the word "war," because "the Prussians were not waging war, but committing robbery and murder, for which there had been no parallel since the Red Indians took to scalping human beings, and looked on it in the light of war." The same speaker believed that, if GAMBETTA had hung ten Prussian soldiers for every Franc-Tireur hung by the Germans, public opinion would have ratified the act. It is not known that the Germans have hung any Franc-Tireur; and the mode of vengeance recommended for French adoption seems of doubtful expediency, inasmuch as there are probably a hundred French prisoners in the hands of the Germans for every German at the disposal of M. GAMBETTA. Dr. KENEALY professes to be well acquainted with Prussia and Russia; and he was bound to say he preferred the Russian "system; for while the Emperor ALEXANDER had emancipated his serfs, liberty of speech was unknown in Prussia." As serfage was abolished fifty years sooner in Prussia than in Russia, it might be supposed that in this respect the two countries were on a level, or at least that the advantage was not on the side of Russia. As to liberty of speech, the members of the Town Council of Moscow were lately imprisoned for humbly requesting the EMPEROR to grant liberty of speech and of writing; but any kind of nonsense is good enough for a Cannon Street meeting. It can perhaps hardly be expected that Germans who read the report of the speeches should fully appreciate the insignificance of the entire proceeding. Mr. MERRIMAN scarcely fell below the level of his supporters when he announced that "Mr. ODO RUSSELL had been sent to Versailles to drink French wines stolen by the good and pious KING." It seems that he ought to have been sent, not to drink stolen liquor, with a message requiring an answer in forty-eight hours; and then we should either have brought about a peace, or have known what we were to expect. It required no mission to know what we should

have had to expect if we had insisted on an immediate peace. Some of the speakers appeared to be dimly conscious that memos are of little use unless they are backed by force; yet none of them ventured distinctly to recommend either war or military preparation. The raving abuse of Germany or Prussia, which formed the staple of the speeches, implied conscious weakness and helplessness.

The over-zealous partisans of France appear not to have made up their minds as to the merits of the English Government. At the Cannon Street Hotel groans for Mr. GLADSTONE were given with a zest which seemed to indicate a belief that he was sold to the Germans; but Mr. BRADLAUGH, who is perhaps deeper in Ministerial secrets, drew a distinction at Old Street between the PRIME MINISTER and the FOREIGN SECRETARY. It seems that Lord GRANVILLE is to blame because he congratulated the King of Prussia on his proposed assumption of the title of German Emperor, while he has not yet formally recognised the French Republic. It might be answered that the Imperial title has been conferred by those whom it concerns, with the universal assent of the German people. On the other hand, the French Republic was proclaimed only by a small portion of the mob of Paris; and its Government, under the presidency of General TROCHU, who is not a Republican, calls itself the Committee of the National Defence. If the Committee has been practically obeyed by the French nation, it has in the same manner been recognised by England, and even by the North German Government. The invitation to M. JULES FAVRE to take part in the Conference of London was an acknowledgment that the Committee of Defence at present governs France. If Mr. BRADLAUGH's information may be trusted, Lord GRANVILLE, in his partiality for Prussia, has also been guilty of a breach of loyalty to his colleagues; for it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE, who might have been supposed to approve of Lord GRANVILLE's acts, "is ready to do the 'people's will.'" The people are to signify their will to the pliant Minister in the approved revolutionary fashion, "by 'surrounding the Houses of Parliament with a quarter of a 'million of heads to speak their sentiments.'" The coercion of the Government and Legislature by the rabble of a great town has long been regarded by Jacobins in England and in France as the most perfect political machinery. It is not a compliment to Mr. GLADSTONE to assume that he is ready "to do the 'people's will'" in deference to the coarsest methods of intimidation. It is only on Mr. BRADLAUGH's authority that Mr. GLADSTONE can be acquitted of that undue submission to the influence of royalty which is confidently imputed to Lord GRANVILLE. The FOREIGN SECRETARY has, according to Mr. BRADLAUGH, congratulated the King of Prussia on the establishment of the Empire, because "the English princesses 'have married half a dozen German princelets whom the 'English people kept from starvation.'" The Crown Prince of Prussia can perhaps not be accurately called a princelet, although the contemptuous diminutive is used by Mr. MERRIMAN as well as by Mr. BRADLAUGH. Perhaps some of the princelets would, on nearer inquiry, be found to be on the same side with the orators who regard them with indignant contempt.

The vague and ignorant declamation at both the meetings and at similar assemblages is suggested either by genuine sympathy with France, or by discontent with the present form of government in England. Good-will to France is not confined to the agitators who urge the Government to an interference which would be useless or mischievous. In all classes of society regret is constantly expressed for the sufferings of Paris and of France; and from various causes the enthusiasm once felt for the German cause has sensibly cooled or altogether subsided; but it is generally understood that while it would be both impolitic and unjust to take part in the struggle, there is no half-way course between war and peace. Declamation against the Germans does no service to the French; and if it expressed the prevailing sentiment, it would weaken the English Government whenever there may be an opportunity for mediation. The demand that the French Government should be prematurely recognised because it is Republican is prompted by entirely different motives. It is contrary to the established policy of England to notice the character of the Government which may be freely established by any independent State. Assistance to one party, even though it may for the time be dominant, is an unfriendly act to the rest of the community. The Emperor of the French was recognised, not because he established an absolute government, but as the undisputed ruler of France, elected by an almost unanimous vote. When he fell, the reason for treating him as sovereign ceased to exist; but a Government recognised on its own intrinsic merits could not on a reverse of fortune be abandoned without dishonour. If

it were fitting to express a preference for any form of government in France, it scarcely seems reasonable that England should applaud the establishment abroad of a system which it has no present intention of adopting at home. Mr. BRADLAUGH himself must admit that his Republican enthusiasm is not universally entertained by Englishmen.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE duties which will devolve on the Government during the present year are to some extent clearly defined, but it is impossible to foresee the demands which may be made on their sagacity in dealing with foreign complications. In the East and in the West, and in the neighbouring parts of Europe, grave causes for anxiety present themselves to all but the most thoughtless politicians; but the common element in all pending or imminent diplomatic problems is a matter exclusively of domestic concern. The arrogance of America or of Russia would excite little uneasiness if England were armed; or rather it would be immediately abated. The affronts which are now habitually offered to the most pacific of nations are suggested by precisely the same motive which tempts a host of schoolboys to molest a companion who is notoriously disinclined to fight. As long as the difficult task of remodelling the army is evaded and postponed, it may be confidently asserted that discontent will become more general and more bitter. In questions of this kind it would perhaps not be undesirable that public opinion should be in advance of Ministerial action, for when the destined reformer of the military system at last appears, many of the objections to the necessary details of his scheme will have been removed by common consent; yet the risk of some foreign collision before any adequate precautions have been taken for national safety is too serious to be wantonly incurred. The very existence of the present Government will be endangered if some moderately satisfactory measure for the organization of the army is not produced at the beginning of the Session. The demands on the activity of the HOME SECRETARY are less urgent; nor will the worst possible method of regulating the sale of beer and spirits endanger the greatness and prosperity of the nation; but, unless Mr. BRUCE can fulfil his promise of legislation, his days of official existence are numbered. He has wisely abandoned or deferred the more difficult undertaking of providing London with a municipal government. No plan which has yet been devised has been approved by any considerable number of those who are principally concerned in the efficiency of local administration; and the not inconsiderable resources of the City Corporation would be employed to defeat a measure which would virtually abolish its privileges. The operation of the School Board will perhaps prove or disprove the capacity of a governing body elected by household suffrage.

The Code of Health and Local Government which the HOME SECRETARY is pledged to introduce will be easily carried through Parliament if it is judiciously framed. The greater part of the provisions will necessarily be taken, in whole or in part, from existing Acts which have been already tested by experience. It will be desirable to restrict as far as possible the kind of legislation which is called permissive, for local governing bodies ought not to be allowed to neglect the plainest duties. The Court of Chancery has fortunately taken in hand a question of the greatest importance by positively prohibiting in many cases the pollution of streams and rivers; but no legal tribunal can act unless it is set in motion by a litigant; and poisonous vapours ought to be abolished, even though no private owner may be able or willing to take steps for the abatement of the nuisance. Perhaps Mr. BRUCE may have the courage to relieve the great towns of their perpetual canopy of smoke. Many years have passed since Lord PALMERSTON, during his short tenure of the Home Office, compelled London manufacturers to consume their own smoke; but elsewhere the suppression of the evil, being entrusted to the hands of its authors, has been uniformly neglected. It would be well worth Mr. GLADSTONE's while to devote a share of his personal attention to the measures which will emanate from the Home Office. There may be a difference of opinion as to the rank which he holds as a statesman and an administrator, but since Sir ROBERT PEEL no other Minister has been equally bold or successful in legislation. If Mr. GLADSTONE is not inclined to take a prominent part in military organization, he may find a congenial field of activity in the conduct of domestic measures. Some of the later municipal Private Acts which have been procured by the Corporations of great towns will be found to contain valuable precedents for general legislation, although some of the powers which municipal bodies have acquired are often allowed to remain in abeyance.

The Government ought, in almost all cases, to reserve to itself a power of interfering for the purpose of correcting local neglect. Under the later General Acts, the HOME SECRETARY is, in many instances, authorised to execute necessary works at the expense of districts which have failed to discharge their duty; but there appears to be some defect in the existing machinery which requires a legislative remedy. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRUCE takes the leading share in debate, the greatest part of the work must be done before the Bill leaves the hands of the draughtsmen.

It cannot be denied that the Government has of late declined in popularity and strength. Some of the reasons of its comparative weakness are not discreditable, inasmuch as Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have completed a great part of the task which they were appointed by the constituencies to perform. Whether Ireland is or is not permanently pacified, the grievances which were almost exclusively denounced by English opinion have been effectually removed. The anomaly of the Protestant Establishment, which was perhaps more obnoxious to strangers than to the Irish themselves, has been suppressed; and the occupiers of the land have been largely benefited at the expense of the owners. There are other measures, and more especially an improvement in the condition of the National schoolmasters, which would tend to promote Irish tranquillity, but the rest of the United Kingdom has ceased for the present to take exceptional interest in Irish legislation. For the measures which are now most urgently needed the present Government possesses no special qualifications or facilities; and, with the exception perhaps of Lord GRANVILLE, none of the Ministers command extraordinary confidence by their capacity for dealing with foreign affairs. Mr. GLADSTONE has irritated friends and enemies by his perverse reticence in Parliament, and by his effusive candour in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. LOWE has cynically proclaimed his indifference to the fortunes of other States except so far as they affect England; and Mr. BRUCE, with intolerable awkwardness, has congratulated his constituents on the prostration of France. In his anxiety to propitiate his Irish supporters, Mr. GLADSTONE has committed another blunder by writing an unnecessary letter about the interest of England in the independence of the POPE. It seems that he has since furnished to an indignant Presbyterian an apology or explanation, which is to be more fully delivered in Parliament. It will tax Mr. GLADSTONE'S ingenuity to devise a Roman policy which will be equally acceptable to Scotland and Ireland, for it will be forcibly urged that when he wrote his letter he must have meant either something or nothing.

Having sufficient embarrassments to meet, the Government will probably abstain from meddling with the difficult question of Irish Education. There is no subject on which the opinions of two sections of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters are so irreconcilably opposed. The Irish priests, and the members whom they return, will insist on securing for their Church the absolute control of the education of the majority of the people; and perhaps the Protestant clergy may not be disinclined to join in the opposition to the present system. On the other hand, the more zealous Liberals will resist all clerical pretensions; and, with the aid of Mr. DISRAELI, who has declared war against the Roman Catholics, after having long courted them in vain, the opponents of the Denominational system could place the Government in a minority. It is not improbable that Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE'S retirement from the Irish Secretaryship may be explained by the countenance which he has given to the demands of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Mr. GLADSTONE has perhaps not yet determined whether the third bough of the celebrated Upas tree is to be cut off or carefully preserved. The difficulties of preparing for a successful Session are aggravated by the impossibility of anticipating its course. If, contrary to expectation, the clouds which obscure the political horizon are dissipated, it will be necessary to exhibit energy and fertility in internal legislation; but experience shows that in times of disturbance and anxiety it is impossible for Parliament to concentrate its attention on any measure which is not immediately connected with the events of the time. If there is a probability of rupture with any foreign State, Mr. BRUCE will have to retire into the background with his Licensing Bill and his Sanitary Code, but the creation of a reasonably efficient army will be more urgently required as international relations become more dangerous. A vigorous and original War Minister would add more strength to the Cabinet than a dozen orators, each as eloquent as Mr. GLADSTONE.

REPUBLICANS AND BONAPARTISTS.

M. GAMBETTA has addressed a New Year's Day speech to those Frenchmen who dare to question the divine mission of a Paris crowd to declare the Republic immortal. When he spoke of himself and his colleagues his language was perfectly modest. He admits that the members of the Government have been only temporarily lifted into power by the force of events, that their sole task is to expel the foreigner, and that, when this is fulfilled, it will be their duty to "relinquish their power, and submit themselves to the judgment of their fellow-citizens." The Republic has no such ordeal to undergo. It is "irrevocably established." It is in "a state of sacred inviolability." M. GAMBETTA prudently conceals the process by which he has arrived at this conclusion. It could not have been made public without disclosing the baselessness of the distinction set up between the Republican Government and the Republic. Both came into existence on the same day, and trace their origin to the same source. If the fortuitous concourse at the Hôtel de Ville was competent to create a perpetual institution, it was equally competent to create a perpetual junta, or a perpetual dictatorship. If the French nation is to be allowed no choice between a republic and a monarchy, it seems hardly worth while to allow it a choice between the existing Administration and some other. The description M. GAMBETTA gives of the Republic "springing into life for the third time in our history," and assuming "the duty, the honour, and the peril of saving France," is equally applicable to the members of the Provisional Government. They, too, have assumed "the duty, the honour, and the peril of saving France." If that act invests them with no more than a temporary authority, why should it have any larger consequences as regards the Republic? At a moment of great public necessity the legitimate possessors of the supreme authority are the men who have the boldness to seize it and the capacity to wield it. But if their title to power confessedly expires with the necessity in which it had its origin, how can the institutions founded by them have a more indefeasible claim? The task of the Provisional Government, says M. GAMBETTA, is to expel the foreigner. That is a task imposed on it by the force of events, but by whom has the further establishment of a Republic been imposed on it? The only answer to these questions lies in the supposed Divine Right of Republicanism. According to this theory, there can never under any circumstances be but one legitimate form of government. All besides this are thieves and robbers. The Republic exists potentially in all countries and at all periods. Its claim to recognition can never be barred by the lapse of time or weakened by popular fickleness. Other Governments may be content to rest their title on prescription, or on the assent of the governed. The Republic alone can afford—indeed is bound—to dispense with both. It represents justice and right, and justice and right are the same to-day as they will be a hundred years hence: the same when only a voice here and there is raised on their behalf as when they command universal applause.

In all probability this confusion between principles and institutions is perfectly genuine on M. GAMBETTA'S part. He has persuaded himself that justice and right are ideas which, if not embodied in a Republic, must remain altogether without expression. The delusion is as respectable as the corresponding delusion of a Divine Right in monarchy. Republicans of M. GAMBETTA'S type may pair off with Legitimists like the great advocate who included in his reasons for wishing to go to heaven the additional opportunities it would give him of praying for HENRY V. Unfortunately, however, the consequences of the one enthusiasm are likely to be a good deal more disastrous than those of the other. The partisans of the Count of CHAMBORD have no present thought of anything except fighting for France. Whatever hopes they may have for the future, the prospects of their cause are in no way affected by the war which is actually raging. But as regards the Republic, it is of the greatest importance not only that the victory should be won, but that it should be won by the right men. If the Republic can drive out the Germans, it will probably be secured in a long lease of power; if the Germans are driven out by anybody else, it may have to contend with a powerful rival, at all events as soon as the war is over. This possibility constitutes a real temptation to make the immediate interests of the National Defence subordinate to the ultimate interests of the Republic. It is a temptation to which M. GAMBETTA seems, as yet, to have been superior; but it is also one in resisting which he has to resist a great many of his own supporters. To a large number of Frenchmen it seems as bad that France

should be defended by men who are not good Republicans as that she should not be defended at all. It is true that there is no trace in M. GAMBETTA's speech of any prejudice of this kind; but the pressure brought to bear on the Dictator will have regard not so much to the enunciation of principles as to the nomination of officers. M. GAMBETTA's hesitation about accepting the services of General BOURBAKI may have been due to doubts about his military capacity; and even if it sprang from a directly political source, it has been frankly dismissed. But in those subordinate appointments in which the Minister must be guided by local recommendations there is more room for the action of Republican jealousies, which will have their natural fruit in the generation of local discontent.

The dangers to France which flow indirectly from M. GAMBETTA's theory of the Republic are greater perhaps than those directly attributable to it. It is creditable to the patriotism of Frenchmen that so few of them have been prevented from coming forward in defence of their country by any fears lest the benefit of their services should enure to a system in which many of them put no faith. So long as the war goes on M. GAMBETTA's position will probably remain unchallenged, and he will exercise an equal authority over politicians of all shades. But supposing the heroic effort which the French nation is now making to save Paris and drive back the invading army should end, after all, in defeat, and that the German commanders should think it to their interest to treat with the ex-EMPEROR, it is by no means so certain that this intrigue may not be materially furthered by such speeches as M. GAMBETTA's. The majority of Frenchmen are not keen politicians, but it may be assumed that they are on the whole desirous that the country should be governed for and by itself. As between the Empire and a system which left them at liberty to remodel their political institutions after their own fashion, they would choose the latter. But as between the Empire and a Republic imposed on them, not by the free vote of the French nation, but by an alleged moral necessity, it is less easy to say on which their choice would fall. They may argue that NAPOLEON III. has done a great deal for the material prosperity of France; that if he had not been driven into war by the taunts of the Opposition, he would never have quarrelled with Germany; that the spirit of military aggression which was one of the worst characteristics of his Empire has now been definitively checked; that the most fatal errors of his policy having been thus rendered incapable of repetition, there will be room for its real merits to develop themselves freely. Against such a prospect what will the Republic have to offer them? Not liberty; for they are not to be asked what form of government they would prefer, and it is hardly denied that the reason why this question is not to be put is that the Republican party feel no confidence as to the answer that would be forthcoming. Not security; for among the most active missionaries of Republicanism are men who wish to abolish private property in land, and so to revolutionize once more the whole fabric of French society. No doubt, if the majority of Frenchmen were endowed with any real political insight, they would prefer the storms even of such a Republic as this to the stagnation of a Third Empire. They would know that out of the former might come clear skies and healthful calms, while the latter can in the end breed nothing but fog and miasma. They would remember that the disasters of 1870 were the result of the paralysis which the Empire had superinduced upon the French people, and that voluntarily to call that paralysis back again would be merely to postpone the trials and the sacrifices by which alone political vitality can be restored to France. But the ability to see this is precisely what the Empire has succeeded in destroying in the minds of a great number of Frenchmen, and it is for this reason that M. GAMBETTA's theory of an immortal and inevitable Republic may exert on them so mischievous an influence. The danger may be imaginary, inasmuch as the Germans may have no intention of restoring NAPOLEON III. But if they do cherish any such design—and on some grounds the supposition is not an improbable one—M. GAMBETTA's policy may be found to defeat its own end.

MR. CARDWELL'S REVELATIONS.

RETICENCE is a quality which old stagers on the Parliamentary boards, and especially old officials, possess in a very remarkable degree, and most of them probably regard it as a high talent, if not a bright virtue. Mr. CARDWELL is especially eminent for this gift, and we daresay prides himself adequately upon its possession. The consequence is

that it is difficult to discover from any of his utterances what it is that he means to assert; and when he seems to be plainest, those who listen or read are apt to put the wrong sense upon the words he speaks.

When Mr. CARDWELL makes a speech he reveals as little as may be, and that little is very often misunderstood. It is often, or at any rate sometimes, the duty of a Minister to practise a judicious reserve; but a speaker may develop this gift of reticence so far as to make his public declarations as unprofitable as if he wrote in cypher and withheld the key. Impressed with the mysteriousness of Mr. CARDWELL's oratory, we should have shrunk from the attempt to draw any inferences from his speech at Oxford if he had not published a letter which we think will go far towards supplying the key to his cypher. The letter was called forth by a coarse insult contained in an address to the PREMIER from some persons apparently of no great consideration, and certainly of very bad manners. They say this:—"Your War Minister, Mr. CARDWELL, had the audacity to state in the House of Commons that he had in store 300,000 breechloading rifles, a statement which he must (officially) have known contained the grossest misstatement of facts ever attempted to be foisted on the House of Commons." That is rather strong, and we are not surprised that the Minister has thought it necessary to explain.

The facts of the case have been long since sifted, and most of them, as Mr. CARDWELL points out, are contained in a return issued shortly after the statement incriminated. From that return it appears that there were in store at home nearly 248,000 breechloading rifles and carbines. The return does not always discriminate between infantry rifles and carbines; but it appears from it that there were nearly 88,000 carbines or non-infantry rifles somewhere, either in store at home, or else in the hands of the navy, or of our Colonial Governments. The supply available at home was therefore 248,000 of all kinds, of which not less than 160,000 were infantry rifles. The total number of 300,000 was, however, made up by adding 53,183, which were, by the last accounts, in the hands of colonial storekeepers, and which (as Mr. CARDWELL, if we remember rightly, afterwards intimated to Lord ELCHO) it would have been out of the question to take back from colonists threatened with Fenian raids for the purpose of arming Volunteers at home. The complaint which drew forth Mr. CARDWELL's statement was the insufficiency of the rifles in store to arm our Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers. The retort was, that there were 300,000 in store. Of course every one understood the reply to mean that there were 300,000 rifles available for arming our Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers; and it is impossible that Mr. CARDWELL, with all his reticence, could have said what he did, and no more than he did, if he had known that upwards of 50,000 of the rifles, though in one sense "in store," were not to be got at. Singularly enough—but we suppose it is the old habit of reticence—Mr. CARDWELL does not say in his letter that he was ignorant, when he made the statement, that as to 50,000 guns it was altogether delusive and misleading. But he says what must mean that, because otherwise it would be a clear *suppressio veri*. He says that he spoke, and professed to speak, as a Minister must do, on the information of his responsible officers. He says that he had a paper before him in which the SURVEYOR-GENERAL stated "that there were 300,000 in store," and that he made that statement in reply. Assuming, as we must and do assume, that that paper said nothing about the fact that more than 50,000 of the rifles were abroad and unavailable, and that the SURVEYOR-GENERAL had concealed that circumstance from the Minister, Mr. CARDWELL's defence is triumphant. He did not know the facts which his statement misrepresented, and could not be blamed for the inadequacy of the information supplied by his SURVEYOR-GENERAL. But if that officer knew the purpose for which the information was wanted, and deliberately mixed up together the arms in store at home and the unavailable arms in store in Canada or elsewhere, Mr. CARDWELL only exculpates himself at the expense of his subordinate. The SURVEYOR-GENERAL on this theory was the origin of the deception which the Minister innocently uttered. Of course he too might be innocent of any intention to mislead, if he had never been told what the information was wanted for; but we observe that Mr. CARDWELL, though evidently feeling that he is bound not to shift the blame on a subordinate without saying a word for him, does not attempt to excuse him on this plea. What he does say is perhaps the most remarkable passage in his letter, as showing that a man, when engaged in the defence of another, will condescend to arguments which he would scorn to use as a justification for himself. He says, after quoting the return, "It thus appears that the state-

"ment I made was literally true, and that I was careful not to state more than I knew. The grounds on which the statement of the SURVEYOR-GENERAL to me was made are shown in the return." That is to say, as we understand the statement—the SURVEYOR-GENERAL knew what the return discloses, and nevertheless gave a written paper to Mr. CARDWELL stating that there were 300,000 in store, concealing from the Minister and from the House of Commons the fact that upwards of 50,000 of them were abroad. Having got his SURVEYOR-GENERAL into this unpleasant position, Mr. CARDWELL makes his little attempt to exculpate him. "The statement I made," which was taken, as we are told before, from the SURVEYOR-GENERAL's paper, "was literally true." Yes, it was literally true, but it is strange that Mr. CARDWELL can suppose that a Surveyor-General, or any one else, can be justified in making a statement literally true, knowing that it will be understood in a sense that would make it false. Mr. CARDWELL's loyalty to his subordinate has tempted him to assert a principle in morality which he would not have ventured to appeal to on his own behalf. What he says for himself is another matter altogether. "I was careful not to state more than I knew." Not knowing the facts, he could not be blamed for limiting his statement to what he did know, and personally he stands clear of all imputation. But if we were to accept the ethical doctrine which he implies, that a man discharges his duty to truth and to society by merely taking care that his statements are "literally true," and not in excess of his knowledge, and to suppose that Mr. CARDWELL's speeches are constructed with this niggardly measure of candour, we should indeed have to decipher them in a way not generally necessary in interpreting the words of English statesmen.

For example, all the comfortable things which Mr. CARDWELL said at Oxford would melt away to nothing in such a crucible as this. It would be literally true to say we had raised 20,000 recruits in the last five months, even though the normal drain of the army had absorbed them all and left us weaker than before. That is not so, though it has absorbed a good many. But Mr. CARDWELL knew it would not be honest to make an unexplained statement of that kind, and therefore candidly added that the 20,000 recruits did not imply an actual increase to that amount. He could not bring himself to disclose the extent of the deduction, but he so far repudiated the doctrines of his letter as to acknowledge the duty of guarding his hearers against a natural misinterpretation of words "literally true." The result, however, of this candour is that the speech not only tells us nothing, but does not even seem to tell us anything beyond the bare facts that it has been found possible to recruit at the rate of about 4,000 a month, that the new pattern field gun is about to be manufactured, and that new powder is better than old. Mr. CARDWELL has been careful not to state more than he knows, and has not drawn very largely from the wells of knowledge to which he has access. Those who are uneasy as to the state of our defences must wait until some other than the War Minister has occasion to mount the platform. A still more striking consequence would follow if we were to read Mr. CARDWELL's letter on the assumption that it was literally true and nothing more. Every word of it might be true consistently with the hypothesis that the SURVEYOR-GENERAL made the fullest disclosure to Mr. CARDWELL, that the paper handed to him contained the admission that 50,000 rifles were abroad, and that the House of Commons was misled, not by the inadvertence of a subordinate, but by the wilful suppression of the truth by the Minister himself. Of course such an hypothesis is out of the question, because it cannot for a moment be supposed that Mr. CARDWELL has tried to cover one disingenuous statement by another, and this at the expense of the character of an innocent subordinate. But the impossibility of accepting such an hypothesis only makes it the more clear that Mr. CARDWELL's practice is superior to his theory, and that his statements do profess to be true in spirit no less than in letter. If, however, they are so, it will be difficult to say as much for the SURVEYOR-GENERAL. What rebuke Mr. CARDWELL administered to the officer whom he represents as having so grossly misled him, the letter does not disclose, but we have no doubt it was commensurate with the gravity of the offence.

THE WAR OF 1870-71.

XXV.

AT the opening of a new year, in which the old war still hotly rages, there is one obvious remark that we would make by way of preface. We are more determined, if possible, than at our setting out, to attempt no prophecy in these

pages. It would indeed appear as though but one prophecy concerning this war were to hold true, and that is the now often-repeated prediction that, at every turn of it, all forecasts, however apparently well-grounded, would be falsified by the unexpected turn of events. As one striking instance, the defence of Paris, lately thought hopeful, enters on a new period of depression.

As we closed our chronicle last week, we recorded, without attempting then to understand the causes, the abandonment by the French, and subsequent occupation by the Saxons, of that important advanced post on Mont Avron which General VINOT's troops had spent a month in preparing, only to lose without the smallest effort to prolong its fate. From subsequent accounts we learn beyond any doubt that, with the exception of a singular improvidence as to the supply of bomb-proof shelter, the work on the plateau thus named was of great strength, and thoroughly armed. It was especially well supplied with traverses, to prevent the lateral effects of shells reaching far; and, although bombarded for thirty-six hours by more than seventy guns, the losses endured within were inconsiderable. The one thing wanted to hold it was more heart. It was advanced above a mile at its eastward slopes from the Forts of Rosny and Nogent, which, united by subsidiary works, form the eastern extremity of the outer ceinture of Paris. This projecting situation was plainly the direct consequence of the important design of extending the line of defence along the northern bank of the Marne, until, if not breaking through those of the investing army, they should at least annoy and interfere with the lines of communication which have been used to feed it from the station at Lagny, to which the Nancy-Strasbourg railroad is open. But in thus throwing forward a particular point of the defence, it naturally became, if viewed as merely to be defended, the weakest part of the whole line; since its advanced position rendered it peculiarly inviting to that sort of converging attack which in ordinary sieges is brought to bear at close distance upon the projecting or salient angles of the regular works. For this kind of converging attack from the different parts of a curved line thrown round a point, peculiar facilities are now offered by the long and accurate range of those rifled guns of moderate calibre, batteries of which the Germans have lately used with great effect against the petty fortresses, crowded with buildings, which at first defied their summons in the East of France. Whilst, therefore, the French were completing the work they had traced out on what was at first a neutral piece of ground between the lines, the Germans steadily prepared to subdue it thoroughly by bombardment, without risking masses of men in the attack.

For a fortnight before the end of December they had been busily preparing their works. Far to the north of the hill in the park of Raincy, to the south of it across the Marne at Noisy, and due east behind the gardens of Maison Blanche and Ville Evrard, at distances generally exceeding a mile and a-half from the work to be reached, they had built and armed their batteries. Those furthest off were armed with 5½-inch rifled guns, throwing shells of sixty-four pounds weight; the others had 12-pounders (there are two separate patterns of these in the service), with much lighter missiles. Their proceedings had in a general way been observed by the French staff, and the bold push of the 21st which lodged BLAISE's Division in Maison Blanche and Ville Evrard, only to lose these outposts a few hours later by the shameful carelessness which has characterized even the best efforts of the French throughout the war, was probably dictated not less by fear of what was about to happen, than by the hope—more generally assigned as the cause of the sortie on that side—of reaching and intrenching the position of Chelles beyond those posts, whence the great dépôt at Lagny itself might be attained.

The sortie, however, failed of any good issue. Not, as the French reports would have it, by parties of their enemies concealed in the subterranean parts of the buildings they had taken, but by a column of Saxons led on after dark skilfully enough to reach the enclosures, and yet be safe in the advance from the dreaded Chassepot, the posts were retaken, and BLAISE himself was killed. A slight attempt to recover them was apparently made on the 22nd; but it seems to have been conducted with such feebleness as to take the form of a mere demonstration, being limited in its execution to a sufficient show to enable some parties of the French, left isolated in the enclosures the night before, to escape and return to their lines. Then the efforts here ceased, as did those on the north; for Trochu, as we are told, found the terribly inclement weather too severe to allow his troops to be kept outside their cover. The works of Avron still went on; and at Drancy,

a much weaker point in the neutral ground to the north-east of the city, and lying only a mile from Le Bourget, the often-contested village for which DUCROT had fought in vain on the 21st, the latter general has been busily preparing batteries. These are intended apparently to destroy Le Bourget, or at any rate to prevent the enemy from making it a starting-point for serious attack.

But the Germans had apparently completed their batteries on the east side before the frost set in. The arming them and carting up the necessary supplies of shell was rather facilitated by it, and on the morning of the 27th the guns opened simultaneously over the whole semicircular line round Mont Avron. The snow, which soon came on, hardly relaxed the steadiness of their fire, which went on also at measured intervals—one discharge from each gun per hour—through the night. At first the works on Mont Avron replied. But they had been formed to front generally outwards, and not, as should have been done if the attack was fully foreseen, to concentrate readily on one portion of the enemy's batteries. The fire soon slackened, as the gunners were driven from their pieces by the bursting shells. Nor could the garrison do what should have earlier suggested itself, take refuge in the bomb-proofs and wait till the besiegers had exhausted their stock of shells. For this the cover seems to have been wholly insufficient. So the result was that the nerves of the detachments placed to hold the works became thoroughly shaken by their continued exposure. The infantry at last absolutely refused to stand their ground; the artillery declined to serve their guns without the support of the infantry; and orders were finally given to dismantle and abandon the work. The Germans did not discover this at first; but a reconnaissance on the 29th assured them of the fact, and that evening the Saxons occupied it.

Meanwhile at the other two sides of Paris from which sallies have lately been made, the besiegers have held their hand. They have not as yet attacked DUCROT's works about Drancy, nor have they interfered with TROCHU's occupation of the Seine far along the bend outside Mont Valérien, about which he has been so busily extending his works as to give colour to the report that he intends retiring there, as to a citadel, when Paris yields. But works that are not sternly held are of little service, however multiplied. Those who know sieges practically will agree with us when we state broadly that the kind of attack which succeeded in actually shelling the French at Mont Avron, and is reported to have silenced the forts behind it, at least for the time, could not possibly have succeeded against resolute men, supplied with a moderate amount of cover for the worst of the firing. Had this been otherwise the Malakoff and Redan would have given the allied armies of 1855 but little trouble. Meanwhile the cold weather has deadened the energies of action on either side; at least of all but the often-relieved gunners of the few attacking batteries. And, strange to say, the very change of weather, of which it was prophesied that it would be fatal to the besiegers, promises to accelerate their work; for their shelter and food prove sufficient, whilst Paris approaches a state of starvation. The 1st of February is already named as the last possible day to which defence can be prolonged, and in the near prospect of a collapse of the means of sustenance, details and suppositions as to the defence of the works fade into insignificance. If anything be clear, it is that Paris must be saved, if at all, from the outside, and that speedily. Yet, as we write this, comes the sudden news that the Germans began on Thursday a determined and general bombardment of the Southern forts. Whether they indeed desire the credit of bringing the attack once begun to a successful issue, or have secret information implying that starvation alone will not serve their end, we do not pretend to guess. A successful lodgment in the line of forts now attacked would place a full half of the city at the mercy of their guns.

The hopes of the defenders turn on three separate armies. That of the North has just descended from the fortresses which last week sheltered it, and attacked GOEBEN, who had weakened his force by undertaking to reduce Peronne. But, however indecisive may be the final issue of the sharp fighting about Bapaume, MANTEUFFEL has kept his First Corps practically in reserve, and GOEBEN alone has successfully held his ground; and we cannot believe that FAIDHERBE is strong enough, watched as he is, to exercise any decisive influence on the fate of Paris, should he renew his twice-baffled advance.

Of CHANZY we know that he has for some days past been actively engaged in what is called, in old histories, "beating up his enemy's quarters," and keeping the Germans before him constantly on the alert. But he is opposed, if Prince FREDERIC CHARLES concentrate against him, by a veteran force known lately to have been 70,000 strong, and now reinforced

by drafts. With this left at his disposal the Prince should easily be able to keep back this opponent, the most dangerous commander his nation has met with in their six months of struggle and victory.

The real hope therefore seems to lie chiefly in BOURBAKI, vaguely reported to have, like CHANZY, over 100,000 men at his command. BOURBAKI, we hear, from undoubted authority, is much shaken in nerve and physique by the events of the last few months, and it is added that he does not inspire the Mobiles under him with confidence. His month of inaction tends to confirm this report. Yet the duty laid on him would rouse any real soldier to exertion, and he may, even as we write, be moving to its performance. There are three obvious courses for him to choose from. He may co-operate directly with CHANZY in a double attack upon the Prince; but this would of course require great nicety of arrangement, as well as energy in action, to attain any decisive advantage. Or he may move northward and throw himself on the main German communications between Epernay and Toul—a piece of strategy which, if resolutely carried out without regard to the fate of his own command, might possibly help Paris more than any other effort. Or, finally, he may be tempted to the easier course of a movement eastward by his right, hoping to overwhelm WERDER, relieve Belfort, and threaten the vast German dépôts at Nancy. But of this, even if successful, it is hard to believe it would now avail to relieve the capital.

We have little definite intelligence from the side of France of which we have just spoken. WERDER has certainly quitted Dijon to move nearer TRESKOW, who still presses on the siege of Belfort; but whether in consequence of his aid being necessary, or because, as other reports allege, his position in Burgundy had become untenable from the constant interruption of his supplies, is what we cannot pretend to judge with our present limited information. Certain it is that the name of GARIBALDI, if not his actual leadership, seems to have imparted a vigour and importance to the irregular warfare of that district which has elsewhere not been visible.

THE LESSONS OF THE ECLIPSE.

WE are now beginning to receive the reports, with a little more detail than the telegraph could give, of the various expeditions sent out, with assistance from the English Government, to observe the Eclipse of 1870. If we may trust the accounts which reach us from one at least of these parties, the great question of solar physics which it was the special object of this year's efforts to solve has been settled once for all. The Sicilian expedition, which, it will be remembered, was under the charge of Mr. Lockyer, claims to have fairly run down, after a long and exciting chase, the much-disputed Corona. If ever it was possible to feel pity for a material object supposed to be some millions of miles big, any one with a spark of feeling would have felt it during these last few years for that particular phenomenon of a total eclipse of the sun which we have just named. It has been hunted from the sun to the moon, from the moon to the earth's atmosphere, and from the atmosphere back again to the sun, until in the end there were those even among the most sober-minded of our men of science who began to doubt and question whether there was any such thing as a corona at all. This time it was determined by universal consent that the thing should give no more trouble for the future; if the sky would but remain clear on the 22nd of December for just one minute and a half in the middle of the day, the corona should be marked down as well as telescopes, spectroscopes, polariscopes, and all the resources of philosophy could do it. With some hurry, but with an amazing amount of energy, three separate expeditions were arranged; and it is of one of these, the Sicilian mission, that we propose to give some account.

The organization of this party was complete, as regards the special work to be done by each member, at the moment when, one fortnight before the eclipse, they started from Charing Cross; but all arrangements of position were reduced to chaos by the unfortunate accident which, exactly one week before the day of the eclipse, saw the entire corps of observers crowded together on the lava rocks under Mount Etna, congratulating themselves on their personal safety, and engaged in the interesting speculation whether an object-glass which it cost months of polishing to bring into shape would be likely to be more safe when tossed by a sailor on to a rock, than the delicate spectroscope, with its endless variety of screws and prisms, had been when it emerged, a pitiable object, from the chests and boxes which had accompanied its hasty transfer from the ship. The evening, however, saw the entire party safe at Catania, with but little damage done; and it remained to form a fresh plan of attack. Very great assistance was rendered, at a rather trying moment, by the American party, who were already in force, and whose experience was invaluable; and it was agreed that the proceedings of the observers should take an Anglo-American form, and that while the organization of each nation still remained intact, the observers should be to a considerable degree united, and the report pub-

lished as a joint one. There were indeed few nations which were not represented in Sicily. M. Janssen, indeed, who had been expected in Sicily, took up his station in Algeria. The island, however, teemed with science. Each body of observers had its special function, and each savant his special detail; down to the very German professor of the moral sciences who, when asked what his particular work was to be, replied that it was his intention to remain on the line of totality, and allow the eclipse to enter into his soul. Every one, however, was profuse in offers of assistance to the Englishmen, who by their misfortunes seemed to have deserved a special amount of sympathy. At Catania the rooms and gardens of a splendid monastery on the outskirts of the town—one of the largest in Europe, now used as a college—were placed at their disposal; at Agosta there was a detachment of Engineers, sent by the Government from Malta, ready to receive them. A couple of days were enough to dispose the various parties. Four posts of observation were selected. At Syracuse the chief photographers of the expedition were placed, at Agosta the largest body of the polarizers, at Catania and on Etna the most important of the spectroscopists; each division was rendered, however, as complete as circumstances would admit, and to each was attached one or more artists, whose business it was to make sketches of whatever phenomena presented themselves in the field of a telescope. So disposed, the little army of astronomers awaited the eventful day. It may serve as an illustration of the completeness with which the arrangements were made that, on the day before the eclipse, the varying solar "prominences," invisible to the eye or telescope, but discernible to the analysis of the spectroscope, were caught, mapped, measured, and in the possession of the observers at the chief centre of operations.

The week of expectation was fine, and was spent in setting up the instruments, and practising their use. The day came, the eclipse happened, as it happened on the same spot twenty-two hundred years ago, and by the evening the telegrams were coming in which told of the fate of each division. Some had seen all, some nothing. At Syracuse it had been fine, at Agosta moderately fine; at Catania the darkest of clouds had cut off every ray of light; on the mountain the eventful moment had passed in the middle of a whirlwind of snow. The Etna party was indeed to be pitied. A body of seven, with Professor Roscoe at their head, had on the preceding day successfully carried up on the backs of a dozen mules their baggage and instruments, food and fuel, to a point more than 5,000 feet above the sea. An attempt to push higher was defeated by the weather, and in a hut which was found upon the mountain they passed the night, wondering whether the storm, with its lightning and snow, which raged till morning, would yet give a chance of clear sky before two o'clock next day. It did clear at breakfast time; and far below, on the terrace of the monastery garden, might be seen with glasses the observatory of Mr. Lockyer. For some hours it was bright; all the precious telescopes were erected with cold fingers in the piercing wind; the batteries were charged, the adjustments made; and the commencement of the eclipse was noted just as the first floating clouds came up from the plain. As the sun darkened, the air thickened. When the moment of totality drew on, every one was at his post, even the one observer who had been despatched to take his chance yet higher up in the snow; and as the single minute of darkness passed, a hailstorm of extraordinary intensity descended on the party, almost blinding the eyes which were straining to catch a glimpse of the view which they had come a couple of thousand miles to see. Exactly eight minutes afterwards, the sky was clear again.

But it is time to describe what was actually seen by those of the expedition who were successful; and it is with great regret that we notice that among their number was not included Mr. Lockyer himself, to whose energy it was chiefly owing that success was achieved at all, and whose own observations would have been the most valuable, from his complete mastery of the science of spectroscopy, and the light which, by means of it especially, he has been able to throw upon the physical side of astronomy. We shall not attempt to enter into a minute discussion of the results gained, but will rather point out their general bearing; and this will be perhaps assisted by a few words of explanation. In total eclipses the sun is seen to be surrounded, first by the "chromosphere," a bright rim of reddish light, with an outline moderately well defined, presenting generally the same phenomena, though sometimes hidden when the moon happens to be particularly near the earth; and there is no reason to doubt that this consists of a layer or layers of incandescent gas, chiefly hydrogen, arranged in order of density. Secondly, the coloured prominences, projecting here and there from the edge of the chromosphere. These now present no difficulty whatever. They are discernible at all times by the Janssen-Lockyer method, and are known to be outbursts of heated hydrogen, many of them thousands of miles high, and constantly varying in position and magnitude. Thirdly, the Corona. Of this sphinx of a phenomenon it is not only hard to say what it is, but even to say what it looks like; for while some observers on previous occasions have noticed only a finer halo surrounding the chromosphere, others have extended this into well-defined and gorgeous shapes, have given it brilliant streamers extending heaven knows how many diameters of the sun in length, and even an elaborate organism with bundles of parabolic rays. The American astronomers at the last eclipse declared that they found iron in its composition, even in that of these mysterious rays or streamers. What then does this eclipse reveal, as far as

the accounts have come to hand? In the first place, there is a corona—which it is some relief to hear—and this corona is solar. The halo of which we spoke as surrounding the atmosphere is in fact an apparently achromic continuation of it; and it was observed by Professor Watson, well known in the United States as a patient and successful observer, to extend to about five minutes in height beyond the solar disc. He describes it as having the appearance of a shell, that well-known phenomenon of concentric layers which is presented by the nuclei of most comets which are near enough to be examined. Professor Watson also saw one of the "streamers" so often spoken of—and saw it disappear! It seemed to float away, he says, "like a veil." If, then, this observer is to be trusted—and there is no observer living who is more worthy of trust as regards a thing actually seen—the streamers are an atmospheric effect, and the corona, if we may continue to use the name, appears to be a solar envelope of gas surrounding the coloured gas of the chromosphere. Next come the observations of the polariscope, some of which have not yet reached us, but those which have at present come to hand are distinct enough. Briefly stated, they are these:—The corona (or outer chromosphere) is strongly polarized; therefore it shines with reflected light. It is polarized in a plane different from that reflected from the moon's surface at the moment of totality; therefore it is not atmospheric. It may hence be fairly considered to be a solar appendage, reflecting in an eclipse the light of the obscured sun.

Leaving further details, we turn lastly to the spectroscope; for, as no photographs have as yet reached England, it is too soon to pronounce on the value of those which have been made. The most important spectroscopic observation was made by Mr. Burton, an observer fully to be trusted, at Agosta. He saw in the first place the ordinary spectrum of the chromosphere, including a certain line in the yellow part never before noticed; then the hydrogen lines, which were to be expected especially at the edge of these, and which simply show the comparative lightness of the substance which produces them; and lastly—a most important discovery—a clear green line by itself outside the part of the spectrum due to the chromosphere, and at about the same position as that noticed by the American astronomers last year. What is this green line? It cannot well be a hydrogen line, for, if it were, why were not the other well-known lines of hydrogen present? It cannot be iron, for the same reason. It is like no substance in heaven or earth which is dreamt of in our philosophy. It is a gas—or shall we call it a metal?—which is so extremely light that it floats above the hydrogen, which is in a region of so low a temperature that it alone of the materials in its neighbourhood can yield any spectroscopic results, and which is green in colour. But for the fact that, as the polariscope shows, it shines chiefly by reflected light, this corona would, at all events as far as this particular gas is concerned, be green; and as this is the very outside shell of all the shells of the sun hitherto discovered, we may even lay it down as an interesting fact in natural science that, as far as we know it, the sun is green on the outside. The only thing now left is that our chemists should produce this hitherto unknown substance in their laboratories, as they have already produced the similar thallium; or even perhaps the Janssen process may be repeated over again, and the workers with the spectroscope may not rest satisfied till they have traced this mysterious line in open day, and without the aid of an eclipse. Nay, what if it has been traced already? If this remote green line is the same which has been found in the aurora, and which is believed to have been found in the zodiacal light, what are we to say of the ranges of such a discovery? Have we in any sense, with any limitations, touched the edge of that cosmical ether, that unknown substance, which everything points to and nothing shows, which is yet perhaps revealed under certain magnetic conditions in the higher regions of our atmosphere; and can this mysterious gas be nothing but a zone of the pervading ether itself rendered luminous by the intense heat of the sun? Perhaps this may be a conjecture to which sober science has no right as yet to proceed; but, whatever the case may be, this green line in the spectrum of the outer chromosphere of the sun is the door by which those will for a long time enter in who wish to search with success the regions of cosmical science as yet unexplored.

We may have dwelt too long upon the surmises to which these observations will give rise; but there is one point which ought not to be omitted, as with it is connected one of the most remarkable of the discoveries made. All that has now been made known was exactly in accordance with the predictions published beforehand. The instructions issued to the observers by the Organising Committee point with extraordinary minuteness to the result which has been obtained. Read them with a change of tense, and they will almost serve for a history of the observations made. Even the height of the corona, five minutes in extent, by one of those happy strokes of luck which are always happening when men of real scientific genius take to predicting, is exactly what was tentatively predicted. But the most striking of all coincidences was this. We mentioned above that, on the day preceding the eclipse, observations of the invisible solar prominences were made by means of the spectroscope. The work was in the hands of one of the Catania party, Mr. Seabrooke, who on the morning of the 22nd produced a map exhibiting their position and height. During the eclipse, Professor Watson, as we stated, sketched the corona carefully. The greater part of the next day was spent by him in making an exact drawing from his sketch, showing as accurately as possible the irregularities of its outline. In the evening this drawing was compared with the map of the promi-

nences, and it was found that they exactly corresponded. The protuberances in the circle of the corona represented throughout the prominences which existed beneath, which were never seen at all, and which had been mapped beforehand in the way which we pointed out. Clearly the substance which gives rise to the corona was subject to the hydrogen storms beneath it, and bulged out in obedience to their pressure. Nor is this all; for the fact that the corona on this occasion was found by American observers to be smaller than that of last year is just what would have been expected by any one who noticed that, as Mr. Lockyer has shown, the prominences have been decidedly diminishing in extent during the past year.

We may hope to have another opportunity of recurring to the subject in connexion with the observations made by other expeditions sent out for the same purpose; but we have said enough to show that at any rate the Sicilian party has done good work, and that the trouble and expense which it has taken to send them to their stations have not been thrown away.

NOISE.

THE literature of our day is marked by a unanimous revolt against noise. Noise is denounced as an evil thing. Noise is indeed the arch enemy of the overwrought brain, and most influential brains of our day are overwrought. It is one of the effects of culture to subdue social noise and all clamorous expression. Politeness is soon distracted, and whispers a shuddering hush, at sounds which would have passed unheeded by our robust ancestors. People are gradually stopping their ears against all excited utterances. Shakspeare in his day recognised a spirit-stirring quality in the *ear-piercing* life, and the old poets meant a compliment by the epithet *shrill*; but what pierces the ear offends at once sense and taste now, and shrillness is maddening to our sensitive organization. Even within the century a great change has come over men's endurance of sound. Sympathies have turned into antipathies. Walter Scott enjoyed the frenzied rivalry of contending bagpipes. It acted on him as an inspiration. Little would he have heeded the barrel-organ, the despair and death of modern genius; he would have married it to immortal verse. No one can read his description of the banquet in Branksome Hall without perceiving how willingly he would have taken part in the festivity and raised his voice to the height of the occasion. His verse is out of fashion now; we need not apologize for quoting how, after the priest had pronounced his benison on ptarmigan and venison,

Then rose the riot and the din
Above, beneath, without, within:
For from the lofty balcony
Rung trumpet, shawm, and psalter;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laugh'd;
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.

It is this clatter of sound, this mingling of discords once inseparable from the very idea of revelry, which is so dreadful to modern nerves. A certain music was then evolved out of it which spoke to heart and brain; but our refinement recoils from the savage charm. What once quickened fellowship now drives to misanthropy, seeking relief in the silent, solitary vituperation of the pen.

And yet noise is a potent educator, as we cannot but observe where existence passes without it. And by noise we mean noise proper, not harmonized melodious noise, but clang, clatter, rumble, hurley-burley, and confusion. In the first place, noise quickens the imagination, and drives the hearer into comparisons. It is impossible to describe a sound but by likening it to something else.

And his loud guns speak thick like angry men.

But without going to the infinite variety of grand, familiar, fantastic illustrations by which the poets bring sound home to our intelligence, we know that the ignorant and illiterate are driven to their smiles, and hear two things instead of one, when once they would convey an idea of sound. A boy bellows like a bull, a trampling overhead is the house coming down, a crack-voiced orator is a thousand penny-trumpets, a fusillade is like hand-clapping, a gang of turbulent navvies four hundred roaring lions. And for this stimulant to poetry and expression the noise must be of the chaotic, unintelligible type, startling, surprising, hiding its cause in a mystery, suggestive, not explaining itself. It is this that constitutes the excitement of a crowd in full speech, or cry, or tramp. It is a complex thing, its noise has a thousand meanings and interpretations. Hence noise of men's making is more telling on most spirits, and a more effective sharpener of the ordinary intellect, than the sounds—grander but less intricate—of nature's more harmonious gamut, though the one illustrates the other as "the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum," "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

In the matter of noise, however, it is easy to have too much of a good thing, and the dwellers in noisy town and court, the frequenters of crowded, rumbling, grinding thoroughfares, with nerves on the tenterhook, worn spirits, and faulty digestions, are so circumstanced. Noise is to them such a positive evil that they believe it a universal one; or, at least, that as the tyranny of privation is milder than that of infliction, they are justified

in silencing the joys of ruder men. But there are conditions of life and haunts of men where silence is so prevailing, where the ear is so rarely filled to satiety, that those who note it become alive to a want, to an appetite unsatisfied. The system which is never exposed to an excess of sound misses a stimulus, a certain accord of brain, heart, and lungs necessary to a full sense of life, and without which the soul never arrives at its full capacity, either for feeling or sympathy. Such existence is sluggish. In many orderly villages where authority holds a tight hand over its dependents noise is disreputable, because there is no provision made for respectable noise in any healthful quantity. There are no games, no recognised gatherings where shouts can pierce and echo and reverberate; no village band, no bells or bellringers, no crashing organ, no choir of the old manly braying sort. Even the jovial cries of harvest home are discountenanced as beery, and the harvest supper is commuted into so much beef and pudding to be eaten quietly and decorously at home. Tumult, even in the shape of fun after a hard day's work, soon catches an illicit ring to ears steeped in silence, and is snubbed as threatening to morals. Within doors the effervescence of eager, high-toned chatter is unknown, for ploughmen never converse, and the silent rustic sinks into his chimney corner debarred by the dog-tax from the once-cherished luxury of a yelping cur; his only chance now of a stunning body of sound reduced to crying children and the perpetual dropping of an angry housewife.

Rustic genius is seldom steady, the craving for sound so essential to its development too often leading it to turbulent scenes. Wherever noise was loudest, there was Bunyan the scapegrace. Hence he entertains his pilgrims with shoutings and trumpets as a foretaste of heaven. "Can heaven be happier than sitting in the public with a jug of ale and the fiddle going?" asked a young collier of his mate Bill—an inquiry which implies conscious expansion of the faculties under the harsh, but stirring, spell of gruff voices and scraping catgut. It may be noted that the best unlettered hymn-writer of our language was a blacksmith, the beat and clang of the anvil doubtless affording an outlet to imprisoned poesy which might never otherwise have found a vent. The idea of religion in the unlearned mass who pass their lives in silent, solitary occupations is so inseparably associated with noise that it is almost hopeless to instil the one without some aid from the other. The preacher must fill their ears if he would get at their feelings and understandings; they must sing, and the singing must rise into hallooing, before emotion can be stirred, or the sense of it find its way to heart and veins.

To the dwellers in rural solitudes we may imagine the charm and intellectual flip of market-day. The confusion of sound brings a new sense of life and brotherhood; the crack and crash, the rattle and grinding of wheels, the multitudinous cries, the snatches of talk and laughter, the tread of numbers, and, over all, clocks and chimes and bells, each sound demanding, insinuating, clamouring to be heard, and diverting the thought for the moment to itself, and yet all harmonizing into a busy-bee-like unity of purpose,

Where all is hum and buzz from morn till night.

Our markets have a national influence quite beyond what eye can count or statistics reckon. Artisans have perhaps too much noise; not that we hear them complain of it. We believe that a silent factory, with no rush of steam, no rattle of machinery, no hum of revolving wheels, would be oppressive. Noise is as powerful a sedative as it is a stimulant; no monotonous work is long endurable without it.

But it is an affectation to rest the plea for noise on its use and appreciation by the lower orders. All people, even the most flinching, sensitive, and querulous, like to have their ears filled with sound, if it is the sort that pleases them. Spirits always mean noise. Mirth is outspoken, so are hope and expectation and vitality of every sort. Miss Austen remarks that "everybody has their taste in noises as in other matters, and sounds are quite innoxious or most distressing by their sort rather than their quantity." The good lady who shrank from the domestic hurricane at Upper-cross, and resolved never to call there again in the Christmas holidays when the boys were at home and everybody spoke at the pitch of their voices and nobody was heard—a hubbub characterized by the delighted grandmamma as "a little quiet cheerfulness"—made no complaint when she drove into Bath a few days later amid the dash of carriages, the heavy rumble of carts and drags, the bawling of newsmen, muffin-men, milk-men, and the ceaseless clink of pattens. These were noises belonging to her winter pleasures, and her spirits rose under their influence. Owing to their greater vivacity of temperament, most European society is more noisy and carries on conversation at a higher pitch than we do. "Who can keep their good humour at an English visit?" cries the Frenchified lady in the comedy; "they sit as at a funeral, silent, in the midst of many candles"; and though we have found our tongue since then, it may be due to the indispensable music which, acting in the vulgar capacity of mere noise, succeeds in raising our pitch to that of more excitable nations. We have heard that in the East to talk your loudest is a point of ceremony and good manners. Who can tell but that this, and their clamorous mourning, is the necessary reaction from monotony of scenery and life? Their discordant instruments may have the same meaning.

It is a misfortune to be abnormally sensitive to noise, and often affects the character unfavourably, making it cynical and unsocial.

It is one of the points on which men will think themselves standards, and decline to believe that noise-lovers can have anything to say for themselves. To aver, for instance, that you find proud, exulting excitement when "the many rend the skies" round the hustings, or in the tuning of a prodigious orchestra, or the swing and sway of a peal of bells overhead, or even in the full chorus of a meeting of choirs, when each village contingent resolves to make itself heard above the din of voice and organ or die for it, is to incur not only contempt for your taste, but disbelief; it is not the enjoyment you describe, but some malignant triumph over more exquisite organization—a sheer love of torture.

Nature's noises are less repugnant to this form of refinement. Men may like a thunderclap, or the roar of Chisel Beach, or the wind on a hill top, or a torrent tumbling from a height, without shocking anybody's susceptibility; though all noises, if they are but loud enough, have much in common. The most trying of all noises, the near contact of loud, harsh, saw-grinding voices, offends us not only through the ear; it wounds our self-respect and sense of propriety. If the speakers were really cockatoos we could stand them better. In some houses noise is such an offence that children grow up altogether missing a tonic. It is of course indispensable that they should learn to be silent in fit time and place; but some shrinking natures so dread reproof and expostulation that an undue snubbing in this particular stills them for life and induces a morbid temperament. We miss a flash in the eye, a spring in the step, a ring in the laugh, which a little noise indulged in at odd times might have instilled into the system. Children need freedom of voice to gain freedom of thought. These victims of silence grow up creepy. They are of those "Che non traggon la voce viva a' denti," and want courage to assert themselves. And it is this consideration, the conviction that noise is one of nature's investigators, that prompts us to defend it against its legion of enemies. Making a noise in the world is no figure of speech. Let two men be equally gifted in all respects but voice, and give one a powerful organ and the other a weak one, and the man of physical power will be miles a-head. He, indeed, can always take care of himself. But it is lawful, recognised noise for the million who live remote from the turmoil of cities, which we plead for as one of the important elements of healthful life along with fresh air and pure water.

MR. RUSKIN'S *FORS CLAVIGERA*.

WHAT on earth is the meaning of *Fors Clavigera*? will probably be the exclamation of most of our readers on reading the title of this article. Some of them will perhaps have recourse to a Latin dictionary, and others may apply to learned friends with a turn for the solution of riddles. We have of course penetrated the mystical meaning, for are not all journalists omniscient? but we can reveal nothing more than that this is the appropriate and attractive title by which Mr. Ruskin chooses to describe a series of letters to "the labourers and workmen of Great Britain." The price of the first number is sevenpence, which we presume has been substituted for some profound reason for the domestic sixpence of daily use; and it is to be had only of Mr. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent. Mr. Ruskin uses no advertisements, but sends a copy "to each of the principal journals and periodicals, to be noticed or not, at their pleasure." We present him willingly with this amount of advertisement in return for an amusing document, and we propose further to give such circulation as we can command to some of the remarkable opinions inculcated in his pages. Whether the "workmen and labourers" (is not that, by the way, a somewhat pleonastic expression for so great a master of English?) will be impressed by them is more than we can say; but they are certainly rather startling to the upper classes, so far as they have been hitherto developed.

We must remark by way of preface that, fantastic and paradoxical as Mr. Ruskin chooses to be, we cannot criticize him without a certain feeling of remorse. The taste and the logic even of his best writings are, in our opinion, frequently questionable; but nobody can deny his eloquence or his acuteness. Even when maintaining unsound doctrines, he has the great merit of thinking for himself. Active-minded heretics in other than theological inquiries do immense service to the truth. They bring out new aspects of old principles, and in assailing accepted theories discover many weak places, or, at any rate, many places where modifications and developments are required. Nobody can have read Mr. Ruskin's works on art without receiving numerous and valuable hints, and acquiring new ideas, if not accepting them precisely at Mr. Ruskin's own valuation. When Mr. Ruskin transferred some of his energies to political economy, we expected that his eccentricities might be serviceable in a similar way, and that he would at least suggest new inquiries, if he did not provide satisfactory answers. We confess to having been disappointed; and his present experiment certainly does not increase our hopes for the future. Yet, to do Mr. Ruskin justice, there is something amiable in his errors, and something pleasant in the gallantry with which he advances them. He has told us somewhere, if we remember rightly, that in a logical point of view he is infallible; he may commit other faults, but he never perpetrates a defective syllogism. Even so we have heard a great tragic actor declare that his special excellence was in broad farce. We have, however, no objection to Mr. Ruskin's estimate of his own powers, and are

rather obliged to him for putting it forwards so frankly. Neither do we feel the least grudge against him for telling us pretty plainly that we are all fools, and that "the elementary principles of human economy" have "not only been lost sight of, but wilfully and formally entombed under pyramids of falsehood"—by such men, we presume, as Mr. Mill and Professor Cairnes, or by those earlier deceivers, Ricardo, Malthus, and Adam Smith. Every man has a right to his opinion, and these little outbreaks of—what shall we call it?—vanity or petulance, are amusing, if only as illustrations of character. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin's motives are really praiseworthy. He says, and we do not doubt his perfect sincerity, that he cannot bear the sight of the misery around him. He "cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that he likes," for the thought of the horrors of which London is full. He declares his intention of "setting aside regularly some small percentage of his income" to assist in making things better; and, in addition, he is going to point out the cause and the cure of the evils from which we are suffering. In other words, Mr. Ruskin is passionately indignant at the poverty and distress of too many of his fellow-countrymen. There is enough suffering around us to justify any man in feeling very keenly, or rather to make such feeling imperative. Nothing can in one sense justify a man for talking nonsense, or being driven by indignation to take leave of logic; but though a hasty utterance of crude opinions is very undesirable, we may hold it to be venial when it proceeds from a genuine sympathy with the poorest classes, and when, as in this case, its very extravagance makes practical ill-consequences improbable. Our duty would be simply to expose its errors, without condemning too severely the excessive impetuosity which has led its author to overleap all bounds of common sense.

We have, however, some difficulty in considering Mr. Ruskin's argument, because it is at present in a fragmentary state. In the last page he is just about to explain to us what is the real nature of interest upon capital; and he has plunged into controversy with some unfortunate economist who misunderstands the point. Till the sequel appears we cannot judge of Mr. Ruskin's success in demolishing the present theory; we must remain in suspense till the infallible logician sweeps away our most cherished prejudices about labour, wages, value, and other topics treated by previous economical writers. Meanwhile we can only take two or three miscellaneous aphorisms, which will at least indicate the startling nature of his results. Mr. Ruskin takes a rather childish pride in exhibiting the width and depth of the distinction between himself and his neighbours, and instead of converting us by starting from the points which we hold in common, ostentatiously exhibits his most amazing caprices. He is anxious, for example, to tell us as soon as possible that he is a "violent Illiberal," and at the same time a Destructive. He wants to destroy "most of the railroads in England and all the railroads in Wales"; he also wants to "destroy, without rebuilding, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York"; though why he wishes for these catastrophes he does not as yet condescend to explain. This sample of his creed is apparently thrown out simply to show that he differs from all other human beings. Perhaps Mandeville may be an exception, who taught, if we remember rightly, that the fire of London was a greater blessing than the Reformation, because it gave employment to so many builders. With that exception, at any rate, Mr. Ruskin's views are probably unique. According to Mr. Ruskin, indeed, nobody who "has clear and developed political opinions" can possibly belong to any party; for "men only associate in parties by sacrificing their opinions or by having none worth sacrificing." We do not know whether this is meant to be true universally and perpetually, or only in the present distracted condition of Europe. Everybody is fighting at present because no parties have a "clear conception of the things they imagine themselves to fight for." We are all in a state of hopeless mental perplexity and moral obliquity; the Prussians are thieves; Republicans are fools; and the only decent places in the world, so far as Mr. Ruskin has explained himself, are certain villages in America, where everybody is supposed to be "civil, honest, and substantially comfortable." This fact, whose existence however is rather doubtful, is explained by the assertion that the said villages have "no lawyers, no town councils, and no Parliaments." We are quite at a loss to imagine where they can be, for it is the favourite boast of Americans that every village has some kind of miniature council or Parliament; and certainly every American village has its lawyer. We fear, therefore, that Mr. Ruskin is writing sarcastically, and that his supposed Utopia exists nowhere on earth.

In this frightful condition of things we are expected to turn with eagerness to Mr. Ruskin's mode of enlightening our muddled understandings. His sayings, however, are at present rather dark to us. We have already noticed his proposed destruction of all railways. He tells us shortly afterwards that the only capital in existence is the food which the "possessor of the land" gives to his workmen; he infers that if the money of all the capitalists in the world were destroyed, if all the notes and bills were burnt, the gold buried, the machines crushed, and nothing left but the land, with its animals, vegetables, and buildings for shelter, the poorer population would be little worse off than they are at present, and their labour would be stimulated instead of being limited. In a fortnight, he thinks, they would have heaped together a few tons of iron-stone, made themselves tools, and be "ploughing and fighting just as usual." Mr. Ruskin seems to be

putting forth a rather startling proposition; though, in one sense, his words are a fair approximation to a truth occasionally stated by Political Economists. Mr. Mill, for example, speaking of the rapid recovery from devastation of certain countries, observes, that if the population remains, "with their land and its permanent improvements undestroyed, and the more durable buildings unimpaired, or only partially injured, they have nearly all the requisites for their former amount of production." We ought perhaps to apologize for showing Mr. Ruskin that he is actually in danger of agreeing with an orthodox authority. Perhaps, however, he may manage to escape this catastrophe. Mr. Mill would probably consider the destruction of all the mills, machinery, and railways as rather more serious. If, for example, the poorest classes of the population were forced to make their own tools, to weave their own coats, and to provide their own fuel, it is undeniable that their "labour would be stimulated"—if that would be any good to them—but they would have a good chance of going barebacked and without fires for some time to come, or of taking away so much labour as to have some trouble in raising enough food. If everything except food and farm-buildings were summarily destroyed, those people might perhaps suffer least who, as it is, have little besides food; but, after all, even the poorest amongst us would really suffer more or less if our facilities for making clothes or for exchanging manufactured products were all but extirpated. That, at least, is our impression. It may be utterly wrong, or we may have misunderstood the bearing of Mr. Ruskin's doctrines. We shall wait with some impatience for the development of a system of political economy which apparently begins by proposing to destroy a large proportion of our existing capital, or at least by allowing that such destruction would do little harm.

In spite of these absurdities, there is some shrewd remark and some sound sense in Mr. Ruskin's pages. We would therefore venture to suggest for his consideration a few simple reflections. Mr. Ruskin, like many other good people, is very anxious to reform the world; and, in order to do so, he very sensibly tries to begin by correcting its blunders. So far, he is quite right. Moreover, as he is a kind of infallible Pope, he cannot be expected altogether to sink the fact, or to conceal his profound sense of superiority to all other pretenders to the power of reasoning. As a matter of taste, he perhaps allows this to appear rather too conspicuously; but a missionary to benighted men cannot be expected to be over punctilious as to such trifles. It is merely in this last character that we would address him. If you really wish to persuade people that you are right, it is rather dangerous to begin by informing them that they are idiots, that all their teachers are blind teachers of the blind, and that you are the only man who can keep them from falling into the ditch. That course is adopted a little too frequently by advertisers of quack medicines. A genuine physician generally prefers to start by a recognition of what other people have done, and is not so exceedingly anxious to make a clean sweep of all existing conclusions. The latter plan is more tempting, it is true, to a man's vanity, but the more modest method is generally the more persuasive; and the reason is, that people will make an obvious calculation. If we are bound to assume either that all wisdom is concentrated in Mr. Ruskin, or, on the other hand, that other people have something to say for themselves though Mr. Ruskin is an ingenious weaver of paradoxes, the numerical odds against the first position are considerable. Perhaps no clear-headed man can belong unreservedly to a party; but surely a clear-headed man must sometimes agree with other clear-headed men, or it will be difficult to have any faith in any human speculation. Therefore, simply with a view to persuasion, we hold it to be rather a mistake in Mr. Ruskin to be so nervously anxious to emphasize, in the strongest possible way, his utter contempt for all previous dabblers in his science.

—ORGANIZATION.

TO that large body of people who are too stupid or too lazy to think for themselves, and are content to take their ideas at second or twenty-second hand from the daily papers or general conversation, it is a great comfort—indeed almost a necessary of life—to have some simple little phrase which can be glibly passed on as a satisfactory explanation of the social or political phenomena of the hour. To answer its purpose the formula should be brief, compact, and exceedingly comprehensive. If it were at all precise or sharply definite in meaning, its usefulness would be proportionately limited. The more vague and hazy its significance, the wider its use. But, of course, it must have just enough truth in it to secure its ready acceptance in the cheap currency of conversation. When it is compressed into a single word, if possible a Latin word with a sesquipedalian dignity of syllables, it is in its perfection. Delivered with sonorous deliberation and a serene air of settled conviction, a word or phrase of this kind is as good as a speech, and has an inexpressible charm for a large section of the community who are never tired either of hearing or repeating it themselves. Of late years we do not know any term of this class which has enjoyed greater popularity, or been more generally serviceable, than one which is just now in especial favour—we mean "organization." At first it had, if we mistake not, rather an apologetic sense, which indeed it still retains. Whenever a question is raised as to the functions or capacity of any highly paid and much lauded Government official, or general manager, or secretary of a company, who is never by any chance seen doing anything himself, or

affording the most remote indication of any talent or utility, his faculty of organization is certain to be alleged as an unanswerable assurance of his value. This mysterious gift is supposed to be especially prevalent in the secondary order of Government officials. The number of solemn imbeciles and fussy impostors who now fill lucrative and distinguished places on the strength of their peculiar genius in this respect would startle any one who has never had an opportunity of peeping behind the scenes of the public offices. Organization, too, has always been a grand feature in the Comtist creed, and has acquired a kind of spiritual import among the disciples of the French philosopher. Organization, they assure us in their characteristic jargon, is the highest outcome of historic growth or social life, just as if organization were an end in itself, and not a mere means to an end. In this sense, however, the word has rather an esoteric application. For the present, the favourite use of the term amongst the general public is as a solution of the problem why the Germans have been so uniformly and overwhelmingly successful in their struggle with the French. A good many different explanations have from time to time been attempted—the personal corruption of the Empire, the immorality of the French nation, the superior education of the Germans (to whom a Hindoo student, we observe, has attributed a Providential mission to diffuse a knowledge of Sanscrit through the West), the employment of Uhlans, and so on; but "organization" has had the best of it. We are assured on all hands that it is German organization which has achieved everything; that nothing can be done without organization; and that other nations must take warning by this awful lesson, for if they have not organization too, it will be all over with them as with poor France. No doubt there is a great deal of very serious truth in all this, and the sermons preached on the text are especially needed by a traditionally unready nation like ourselves. But the value of the exhortations would certainly be enhanced if they were only a little more distinct and definite in indicating what is implied by organization, and how it is to be attained. The truth is that whether organization is a good thing or a bad thing depends altogether on the kind of organization that is meant, and the extent to which it is carried. In itself organization simply means the provision and arrangement of organs with a view to the performance of different functions in a co-operative manner; and it is easy to conceive a form of organization so elaborate and complicated as to defeat the very objects for which it was contrived. It was said of a very learned man that he put so many books on the top of his head that he could not think; the weight of volumes oppressed his brain, and left it no freedom of operation. In the same way one can fancy a man making so many arrangements beforehand for a particular purpose, swathing himself in so tremendous an equipment, and overloading himself with so many implements and accoutrements, as to be quite unable to stir a step. An Indian god, all legs and arms, with a hundred eyes, is an example of elaborate organization the efficacy of which might reasonably be doubted if it could be reproduced in actual life. However excellent in its degree, organization is just one of those things of which it is quite possible to have too much; and we are rather disposed to think that the present war points to this danger more than any other.

An amusing instance of the prevailing readiness to attribute everything in the war to "German organization" is given in a recent letter. An Englishman who had been dining at the headquarters of Prince George of Saxony had just reached the door of his lodgings, when a provision waggon, which was passing, suddenly broke down. It was discovered that one of the wheels had given way, and our countryman was still wondering how the deficiency could be repaired, when the driver quickly produced another wheel in a stolid matter-of-fact way, as if he had anticipated the accident and had taken care to provide himself with an ample supply of extra wheels to meet every contingency. The new wheel was put on, and the waggon rolled off as if nothing had happened. It must be confessed that a more striking example of the providence and promptitude of German organization could hardly be desired. Far away from a wheelwright, on a lonely country road, in the middle of the night, a wheel breaks, and yet so thorough is the organization that in a few minutes another wheel is on and the waggon once more rolling onwards. Admiringly pondering these things, the Englishman happened to glance at his gig under a shed, and observed something peculiar in its appearance. The wheel of the gig was gone. It was this wheel, in fact, which he had just seen stuck on to the provision waggon. The discovery no doubt gave his thoughts a new turn in regard to the much-vaunted system. This incident is really a very good illustration of what German organization will, we believe, be found to be in a great measure when examined. A ready presence of mind is the mainspring, of effective organization where it exists, and its substitute on an emergency. The most perfect conceivable organization is certain to break down at some point or other, unless there is an intelligent promptitude on the part of those in authority to supply its shortcomings and adapt it to new and unexpected conditions; and, on the other hand, any kind of organization which settles everything rigidly beforehand, and leaves no scope for freedom of action on an emergency, is doomed to failure from the first. Of course, if we knew exactly how everything was going to happen, then we could make our arrangements beforehand with corresponding exactitude. In human affairs, however, this knowledge is necessarily wanting; we can only speculate as to probabilities, and the wisest and most experienced will at times go astray in their calculations. A per-

fect organization provides for everything which can be reasonably foreseen, and at the same time allows ample liberty to throw aside all preconceived plans and prepared arrangements in the event of anything unexpected occurring, and of forming and carrying out fresh plans of a more or less different nature, according to the exigencies of the case. The fixed guns of the Bosphorus, warranted to blow any ship to pieces which would only be so good as to come directly opposite to them, might as well never have been cast when the ships were so disobliging as not to place themselves in the required position. The first part of the present campaign, as conducted by the French, was scarcely less absurd. Disaster befell them, not because they had no plan, but because they left out of reckoning the possibility of events happening different from what they anticipated. The French could not on the spur of the moment apply arrangements for an offensive war to defensive purposes, while the Germans carried everything before them just because they shaped their plans to actual circumstances. In itself, however, the French organization exhibited all the worst defects of such a system. A graphic picture of its deficiencies has been given by the "Staff Officer" whose pen the ex-Emperor professed to use for a vindication of his conduct in the campaign which landed him at Wilhelmshöhe:—

Instead of having, as is the case with Prussia, each army corps always in an organized state, recruited in the province itself, and possessing on the spot its *matériel* and complete accessories, in France the troops composing an army are dispersed over the whole country, while the *matériel* is stored in different cities, in crowded magazines. . . . Nearly all the munitions and provisions are brought from the capital; as for the soldiers of the reserve, they rejoin their regiments from all parts of France. . . . Thus, for example, the men who were at Strasbourg, and whose regiments were actually stationed in Alsace, instead of at once joining the ranks at Strasbourg, were sent to their respective regimental depôts, which might be in the South of France or even in Algiers, and were thence obliged to return again to Strasbourg for incorporation. . . . To these defects must be added the limited powers entrusted to the generals in command of the departments and to the military commissariat. The most trifling article required a Ministerial authorization. It was, for instance, impossible to distribute to officers or men the most indispensable adjuncts—even the necessary arms—without an express order from Paris. This administrative routine deprived the generals of the activity and foresight which may sometimes remedy defective organization.

We have here an example of an organization which was not only very bad of its kind, clumsy, circuitous, and unwieldy, but which also erred on the side of being excessive. The Intendances broke down utterly, because everything had to be done in a formal, prescribed manner, down even to the most minute and insignificant details, and no allowance was made for the urgency and confusion inseparable from actual warfare, or for the modifications required to adapt routine to sudden and unexpected emergencies and miscalculations. It is partly true, as the "Staff Officer" hastens to add, "that to make up an army less account must be taken of individual intelligence than of a substantial organization, moved by simple machinery and capable of working regularly in time of war, because it has been habituated to working regularly in time of peace." Without some kind of organization there could be of course no cohesion or concentration of effort, and an army would be only a collection of independent mobs. On the other hand, room must be allowed for individual discretion and intelligence in order to enable the troops to adapt themselves to occasions when the whole of the ordinary machinery is thrown out of gear. The happy medium lies between too much and too little organization—in a system which is at once firm enough to give proper direction to the operations of the army, and sufficiently elastic to permit a good deal of change and personal freedom of action. From this point of view the Prussian system is, in its general features, probably as good as can be devised. At first sight one is struck by the apparently minute detail of the arrangements. When we find that in addition to the ordinary divisions of an army there are not only provision columns, but a special ammunition service; that the *Krankenträger* are supplemented by a special corps of grave-diggers; that a regular body of police and licensed Marketenders accompany the combatants; and that even such small matters as the regulation price of an officer's cup of coffee and *chasse* of brandy in an occupied town are not deemed beneath the notice of the authorities, we are tempted to think that more is undertaken than can well be performed, and that the variety of arrangements and subdivisions must end in complication and a deadlock. The secret of success lies in the division of labour, the discretion allowed to the chiefs, and the responsibility thus fastened directly upon them. Each branch, as a "Military Correspondent" of the *Times* has recently explained, has its own particular work to perform. The fighting army has nothing to do with the communications or supplies, which are left to the Etappen Inspector, who in turn has nothing to do with the fighting, except so far as he may by chance be compelled to act in self-defence. Each army corps is drawn from a particular district, upon which it has to depend for supplies. It is the business of the district to deliver supplies at one end to the Etappen staff, who are responsible only for their carriage to the terminus of their line of communications—a mile or two behind the combatants at the other end, where the corps for whom the supplies are destined has to send for them. Each corps has its own Etappen department for this purpose. The fact that the army corps is composed of the sons and other near relatives of the people in its district ensures their activity in providing whatever is wanted for the troops. The Etappen corps has only to carry the goods forward, and the troops, on the other hand, may be trusted to look after their own

interests, and secure their stores without loss of time. The business of the Etappen Inspector is further divided into several departments. His staff, we are told, includes officers representing respectively the artillery, engineers, intendant, medical, field-post, telegraph, and railway departments. Again, though the artillery and cavalry are of course under the orders of the general of the army to which they are attached, a greater degree of liberty in the way of independent action is, we believe, allowed in the German armies than is usual in those of other countries. The general object of a movement having been communicated to them, the chiefs of the artillery and cavalry have a considerable latitude as to the time and place for taking part in it. In short, the more the German organization, in all its branches, is examined, the more it will be found to owe its success quite as much to its freedom and elasticity as to elaborate preparations beforehand. It is hard to say whether there is more danger in trusting everything to the inspiration of the moment, with a blind confidence that somehow or other one will pull through, or in relying on a series of rigid pre-arrangements, which will not only be useless, but mischievously obstructive, in the event of things turning out not exactly as expected. The plain truth is that there is no magic in organization. It is only an every-day matter of common sense, and everybody organizes, just as M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing or thinking about it. The difference between organizing an army and organizing a picnic or a summer jaunt is only one of scale. The great thing is to see beforehand what is likely to be wanted, to provide accordingly, to take care that everything can be got at at the right moment, and to have a ready mother-wit to deal with unexpected emergencies.

CHURCH REFORMATION IN ITALY.

It is not easy, even with the help of the little series of publications issued by the "Libreria Rosmini" at Florence, to give any very clear idea of the principles and aims of the reforming party among Italian Catholics. To a certain extent this is no doubt due to the almost inevitable misconceptions which foreigners, especially Protestants, are liable to fall into, with the very best intention of reporting accurately the results of their personal observation. Even if they had time and patience, as they usually have not, to read the principal works of Italian theologians and religious laymen bearing on the subject, they would lack much of the rudimentary information which such works presuppose as a matter of course. But it is true at the same time that the difficulty of mastering the views of the Italian reformers, so to call them, is partly caused by the circumstance that they have very imperfectly mastered or matured their views themselves. Religious and political questions are pretty sure to be inextricably mixed up in the mind of a liberal Italian, as is amusingly exemplified in Garibaldi's protest against the existence of St. Peter. And of the leading men among them who have combined Catholicism with patriotic zeal, two only, Rosmini and Gioberti, could claim to be considered theologians; we put aside Passaglia, whose theological training was derived from a very different school, and because it is doubtful how far, except as regards the abolition of the Temporal Power, which has ceased to be a practical question, his sympathies accord with theirs. There is a growing feeling among them that on doctrinal and historical matters their knowledge is imperfect, and hence men like Dollinger are coming to be looked up to by the more cultivated section of both clergy and laity in Italy with a confidence and respect hardly inferior to what they enjoy in their own country. We cannot then accept without reserve the opening statement contained in an interesting pamphlet on the Italian reform movement, lately published by a clergyman of the American Episcopal Church at Florence, that there are two things about reforming which there is no question among the class of thinkers he is describing—namely, the theocratic government of Rome, because it is hopelessly doomed; and her dogmatic teaching, because it is immutable. Under the latter head he includes Papal infallibility and Papal supremacy, which are certainly questioned by many of the reforming party. Nor is it in fact correct to say, that to abjure those opinions "comprises the abjuring of the Church of Rome," because many Roman Catholics do in fact reject them who manifest no intention of breaking with their Church. There is, however, much valuable information to be derived from the extracts, chiefly taken from works by Ferri and Mamiani, in the pamphlet before us, though we may not always go along with the author's commentary upon them.

That the religious movement in Italy has no tendency towards any form of doctrinal Protestantism, or, as Mamiani expresses it, to "any of the sects hatched by the Reformation," appears to be pretty generally agreed by those who have had the best opportunities of judging. "We may rest assured," he says, "that Italians will either follow the faith of their fathers heartily and thoroughly, or will adopt what is nowadays called Rationalism; that is to say, they will either adopt the negations of criticism and speculation, or hold fast reverently to the authority of tradition." But within these limits there is of course scope for very wide differences of belief and ecclesiastical discipline. The Catholic ideal of a Rosmini or a Dollinger differs *toto cælo* from the programme of the Jesuit *Civiltà*, and the actual condition of the Papal Court. Rosmini's famous work on the *Five Wounds of the Holy Church*, published originally at the command of Pius IX., who was after-

wards induced to place it on the Index, thus explains the reforms most urgently needed:—

According to Rosmini, the wound in the left hand of the Holy Church is the division between the clergy and the people in public worship: (the use of the Latin tongue). The wound in the right hand is the insufficient education of the clergy. The wound in the side is the disunion of the bishops. The wound in the right foot is the giving up in the nomination of bishops to the lay power. The wound of the left foot is the slavery of ecclesiastical property: (remains of feudalism). These show the reforms so fervently, so eloquently demanded by Rosmini, and certainly there is nothing in them, nor indeed in any of his works so far as I am acquainted with them—and I have in manuscript, given me by order of the Father General of the Jesuits in 1846, all the passages supposed to be exceptionable—nothing whatever that sounds in the least like heresy or schism in the Roman sense.

Gioberti, who was more of a philosopher and less of a priest, went further in his speculative teaching, and expressly vindicated the independence and liberty of science reposing on human reason alongside of faith, which rests on supernatural revelation. There should be a perfect concord between philosophy and religion, the Church and civil society, and "progress should be equally possible in and by the Church, as in and by the State." But Gioberti, bitterly as he was traduced and persecuted by the Jesuits, and though he died under the ban of Rome, never transgressed the boundaries of strict orthodoxy in the Catholic sense. In his last work, the *Rinnovamento*, "he sees in Catholicism and Idealism the religion and philosophy of his country; he loves his country as at once the chief seat of the Catholic religion and the most natural and legitimate inheritor of Christian and Platonic tradition." He declares that he shall hold the redemption of Italy accomplished "when I see her possessed of a philosophy and literature truly her own, affectionately and diligently cultivating her language, her arts, and her intellectual riches, *Catholic and proud to possess the seat of religion and the glory of the Christian Pontificate.*" He says that "the Italians of the middle ages prospered so long as they revered the spiritual fatherhood of their first citizen (the Pope), and with desertion of that came in slavery." Rome by an eternal decree of Providence is the metropolis and mistress of the world, and from her alone the salvation of Italy can be looked for. The first step to her deliverance from domestic tyranny and a foreign yoke is to deliver her from the yoke of false opinions and reunite her in the profession of the holy faith, which has its chief seat in Rome. He would fain "make religion the banner of Italy, and identify it with her genius and nationality." Yet with all this ardent Catholicism is combined a no less ardent zeal for a searching internal reform of the Church, the details of which are traced out in his posthumous work *Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa*. Ferri thus sums them up in his *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie en Italie au XIX^{ème} Siècle*:—

The disorders which he deplors the existence of in the Church are, the Temporal Power of the Pope; the ignorance or insufficient instruction of a portion of the clergy; the want of a tempered liberty in bishops and priests, and their too great dependence upon Rome; Jesuitism, which, domineering in science, in worship and in discipline, sets religion and civilization in opposition to each other and makes them enemies; the want of a strong and judicious *propaganda*, within the Church against scepticism and heresy, without, against unbelievers; the celibacy of priests in climates to which it is unsuited; the state of idleness of a portion of the clergy and the uselessness of a certain number of their institutions; the want of a manly and elevated education for ecclesiastics; the venality and meanness of public worship.

These are the evils. Here are their remedies. The abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope; the establishment of ecclesiastical colleges, the higher instruction of the clergy being intrusted to the bishops and the State; the division of priests into two classes, the one representing science, the other action; reform in the teaching of theology with suppression of scholasticism; elevation to the episcopate of men distinguished for learning and ability; liberty and legal guarantees for all classes of the clergy; the abolition of the Jesuits; co-operation of Catholic States in providing means for the foreign *propaganda*; the excitement of emulation by conferring the highest honours of the priesthood upon the authors of valuable works; the clergy to be divided into two classes, celibates and non-celibates; a radical reform of monasticism; the abolition of useless monks and of canons as now constituted; canonship restored to its true principles; abolition of practices involving waste of time; concurrence of the State in the instruction and education of young priests; regimentary, disciplinary, and sumptuary reform.

The chief living representative of their views is the statesman Count Mamiani, whose picture of a transfigured Catholicism, as portrayed in his *Rinascenza Cattolica*, does not materially differ from that of Gioberti. The abolition of the Temporal Power, the suppression of "Jesuitism," and the improved training and discipline of the clergy, including some modification of the law of celibacy, are conspicuous features of their scheme. Both alike desire to see a free Church in a free State—the State relinquishing all control over ecclesiastical appointments and tribunals, the Church abandoning all exclusive privileges and submitting in her civil relations to the supremacy of the civil law. How far that ideal is capable of realization, or whether the views of those who cherish it are in all respects consistent with each other and with themselves, are questions which it would take us too long to enter upon here. That such views are widely prevalent, and that they prevail precisely among the most religious and most loyal citizens of the Italian Kingdom, there can be no doubt. And we believe, notwithstanding some remarks pointing in an opposite direction in the pamphlet before us, that they are no less prevalent among the more educated portion of the clergy than among the laity. That the same strange phenomenon which has arrested the attention of travellers in Prussia, of an almost superstitious veneration for the priesthood combined with an undisguised dislike or contempt of its individual members, is to some extent reproduced in Italy,

may be quite true. It sounds startling certainly to hear of a Roman Cardinal speaking of the Roman clergy as "a race of dogs," and Count Mamiani's unflinching devotion to his Church gives additional weight to his sorrowful assertion that "the clergy are our despair," while another distinguished layman, Azeglio, says that "they have always shown by their conduct that they believe but little, and that the spectacle of Rome has extinguished religion in Italy." Still such statements must be taken with very considerable limitations. Close and impartial observers, like Mr. Cartwright, have pointed out that in many parts of Italy the parish priests deservedly retain the confidence and attachment of their people; and the clergy of the Northern half of the peninsula are, as a rule, far more respected than those of the South. The Florentine *Esaminatore*, the organ of Liberal Catholic sentiments, is conducted by priests and circulates widely among them. In a Report quoted in this very pamphlet, the accuracy of which we know no reason for distrusting, some two thousand ecclesiastics are spoken of as supporting the views of Mamiani. The true explanation of the unfavourable estimate, wherever it is to be found, is not probably far to seek. It is indicated intelligibly enough in the emphatic demands reiterated again and again by Rosmini and Gioberti for the better education of the clergy, and their complaints of the ignorance, immorality, and idleness too common among them. Gioberti goes further, as we have seen, and expressly requires that the rule of celibacy shall be modified, the monastic bodies and chapters thoroughly reformed, and more direct encouragement given to intellectual pursuits in the apportionment of ecclesiastical dignities. It would be rash to infer from this that the whole clerical body in Italy is lazy, incompetent, and immoral, and there is good reason for believing that such an assumption would be a very exaggerated one. But we may safely conclude that there is ground for very serious complaint, and an urgent call for the reform of long-standing abuses. Whether these reforms will be brought about with the sanction of Rome or in antagonism to her authority must depend very much on the influences dominant there after the close of the present pontificate. But it is clearly impossible that things should long continue as they are. The political changes of the last ten years have materially altered the relations of the Church to Italian society, and in the full blaze of public opinion corruptions which under the old régime were hushed up or openly enforced can neither be tolerated nor concealed. That the attempts, however well intended, of Anglican or other external propagandists to interfere in a work which does not belong to them will be useless, if not positively mischievous, is the unanimous verdict of those who have the best right to speak with authority on the subject. The Italian reformers neither need nor will accept their aid. "I know my countrymen," said Count Mamiani to an English friend, "and it will never be to join the Church of England that they will leave us. If they are shaken in their faith it is to Rationalism that they will turn, and not to you."

THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS.

THE centre of the diamond-producing district of South Africa may be conveniently indicated by the junction of the Hart and Vaal Rivers. According to recent advices the strip of land between these rivers has constituted itself a republic, of which the capital is a town, actual or possible, called Klipdrift. The new State was raising by conscription an army of 200 men, which was to be employed in putting down a rebellion at a place called Hebron, within its assumed frontier. The most remarkable event which had lately occurred in this district was, that a man who had found a diamond on another's "claim" had had the honesty to give it up to him; and this appears to have been thought a very remarkable event indeed. The accounts which are sent home of the labours and disappointments of diamond-digging will probably have no effect in deterring fresh adventurers from following those who have already started in pursuit of fortune. There is, indeed, no reason why this emigration, having begun, should not proceed. The work is hard and the prizes are few, but the field of search is practically boundless. Each lottery contains many blanks, but there seems nothing to prevent the establishment of any number of lotteries offering equal chances. Hebron, the seat of rebellion, is described in a recent letter as "a very little, quiet place" on the Vaal River. The writer seems to be a very inefficient rebel, being intent on nothing but his own business. The river here is three hundred yards wide, with trees on each side, and very pretty. A digger begins work at sunrise, and keeps at it, with intervals of half an hour and an hour for breakfast and dinner, until sunset. He breaks ground with a pick, carts the soil to the river, washes and sorts it. A young man of strength and resolution may support this life for a long time, in the hope of some day finding a prize; but it is a very hard life, and hope in many cases changes into despair. "I think," says a writer, "that in the long run one is sure to hit on a big un." He and others will think this until they have expended their last penny in necessary supplies, and then they will leave the diggings, having learned that the conditions of life there are much the same as everywhere else. Some men starve, others barely live, and a very few grow rich. This writer has no time for rebellion, nor even for society. "After working all day a fellow feels too tired to go out at night, and I generally read for an hour, and then go to sleep." Picking, carting, washing, sorting, form the daily round of duty. Shooting and fishing are

allowed only for the pot, when the associated diggers become weary of invariable mutton. The tools and processes of diamond-digging are simple. The soil, after being picked and carted, is washed at the river-side in a cradle containing two sieves. "We put a lot of stuff in the top sieve, rock the cradle, while a Caffre pours water on till all the small stones have gone through the top sieve, and the dirt is all off. We then look roughly over the big stones in the top sieve, and throw them away. The bottom sieve is then emptied on to a table, and we have to look carefully over the stones." "We" consist of the writer, his English partner, and a Caffre. The serenity of Hebron is disturbed, not so much by the threatened invasion of the army of two hundred men from Klipdrift as by the reported proximity of bands of fighting Caffres, who scare the working Caffres from the cradles by threats of death if they continue at them.

So far as we understand the politics of this secluded region, there is the Transvaal Republic, of long standing, which claims the allegiance of the new settlement at Klipdrift, while this in turn desires to absorb Hebron. We are told that at Klipdrift the Transvaalers had the majority of votes, but, notwithstanding, the diggers won't give up. The writer expects there will be "a jolly row" about it. The Rev. Mr. Wills, who advocated the cause of the Transvaal, had to cross the river. It appears that this reverend gentleman is identical with the "missionary" who is mentioned, less respectfully than could be desired, in a letter from Klipdrift. "We have had a great revolution here, having overturned the authority of the missionary and elected a Committee of our own." The missionary found that his 25 per cent. was coming very slowly in, and day by day dwindled to nothing. His Committee therefore sent a notice round, calling on the diggers to pay 30s. per cradle per month. "Upon this the diggers called a meeting, and voted the missionary and his Committee a set of humbugs, with whom we would have no more truck." This was a revolution, not perhaps very heroic or poetical, but still a revolution. The missionary, as we understand, was a sort of proconsul from the Transvaal Republic, who attempted to levy a tax for the expenses of his Government. The diggers who voted him and his Committee "humbugs" may become capable, after sufficient lapse of time, of being described by an enthusiastic historian as "the men that gave their country liberty" over their evening pipes. The missionary seemed to be trying to get behind a waggon to hear these uncomplimentary proceedings, but upon being noticed by those present he ran away, fearing that he would be mobbed. "But I don't think," says the writer, "any one thought of harming him." Politics, however, tend to rouse the passions even of hard-worked diggers. An emissary from the Transvaal Republic appeared at Hebron with forty armed followers, and was proceeding with a design against its independence, whereupon he received an invitation to depart, with which he deemed it expedient to comply. The forty armed followers did not remain behind their leader, and it was thought that, if they had, they would have gone into the river, instead of over it. The pacificatory proceedings of England have of late been signally unsuccessful, but it may be hoped that she is still equal to restraining hostilities between the two communities of Klipdrift and Hebron, unless indeed the former, in proud reliance upon its army of 200 men, should claim to treat the latter as Germany is treating France. Intending emigrants ought to be informed that in addition to the toil and exposure incident to digging diamonds, they are liable to be called upon to display a devotion to their adopted country which may be compared to that of a provincial Frenchman who went to Paris, say to study art, and finds himself engaged in daily efforts to become with steadiness and equanimity a mark for German bullets. If one goes out to South Africa with a single desire to make one's own private fortune, it is, to say the least of it, embarrassing to be unexpectedly presented with an opportunity of rendering oneself illustrious in colonial history, and thus to have unsought greatness thrust upon one.

Many letters have appeared in the newspapers either directly inviting emigrants to the diamond-fields, or advising them to remain at home in terms which sound very like persuading them to go. There is, says one writer, as much room for 500,000 diggers as for 10,000; and this probably is true, because the diamond-fields are sufficiently extensive to afford equal chances of ruining themselves to many more miners than are now at work. The interest of the settled portions of the colony in attracting immigrants is obvious. The dealers in its towns will sell stores to them at high prices as they proceed to the diggings, and will buy diamonds of them at low prices as they return. A little pamphlet containing information for emigrants to South Africa has been published by Messrs. Silver and Co. of Cornhill, who, if they do not keep a poet, apparently keep a prose-writer upon physical geography and natural history. In this pamphlet are collected various letters in which both sides of the question are fairly stated. "As to the results of working much harder than any British convict under a burning sun upon the simplest fare, and surrounded by all the waifs and strays of both black and white society, the average earnings appear to come up to about 200l. a-year. Of course there is a chance of obtaining a great prize, and of which the public always hear; but of those who have spent their uttermost farthing, and worked like galley-slaves for many months, barely subsisting on the most meagre fare, and who quietly retire, scarcely liking to own to their ill-luck, no one ever hears." Thus is the question stated by one writer. Another puts it neatly thus:—"You may not starve in

England, but it is quite possible you may here." The same writer says that five men in a hundred make a good deal of money; five more may, and probably do, pay expenses, the ninety others do not pay expenses. "I would most strongly advise those who have any permanent employment to stick to it, even though the pay attached be small." If a man has no fixed employment, and has sufficient money to pay his passage out to the colony, to buy waggon and oxen, carts, tools, and provisions for twelve months, and also, if unsuccessful, money enough to take him back to his home, and if he has a stout heart and a strong constitution, by all means let such a man come out. He may turn up a fortune at the point of his pick, but he may work for twelve months and find himself poorer than when he began. But "let no man leave employment to come here." The class of people most likely to be dazzled by accounts from the diamond-digging are clerks and shopmen. Let them stick to the desk, which they understand, and leave alone mining, which they know nothing of. This same advice was given years ago in reference to the Californian and Australian gold-digging, but for the most part it fell upon unheeding ears. In case a very young man tries his fortune at the diggings, fails and returns to England, he will probably have acquired habits inconsistent with steady industry at home. Another writer describes the political circumstances of the diggings thus:—"The diamond-fields are claimed by both the Free State and Transvaal Dutch Republics, also by a native chief; but the diggers have practically solved the question by establishing a sort of republic of their own, very much after the manner of an alluvial gold-digging." The government of this community, under whatever flag conducted, is extremely simple. On arriving, a newcomer obtains a licence from the governing Committee on paying half-a-crown, and has allotted to him a "claim" of ground wherever he may select it, if unoccupied, and also a slice of frontage to the River Vaal, where he can wash the earth obtained from the hills and banks. The Rules and Regulations for the Vaal River Diamond-Fields may well excite envy in the authors of more complicated legislation. The happy authors of these regulations are able to declare that any person who shall be proved to have taken a diamond from another's claim "shall be considered as a thief, and expelled the diggings." They need not trouble themselves to provide prisons, for they can cast out their moral filth as easily as they throw the earth from their washings into the river. The expelled digger must either starve or steal, and if he steals, the rough justice of the Boers and frontier settlers will be felt by him. We covet not so much the diamonds of Klipdrift and Hebron as their capacity for expelling thieves. It should be mentioned that these diggings are rightly called "fields," as they are tracts of ordinary undulating country along the Hart and Vaal Rivers, and do not at all resemble the deep dark valley out of which diamonds were obtained by rolling down pieces of beef, to be afterwards lifted in the talons of gigantic birds. But perhaps the pieces of beef in the fable symbolized the importance of the commissariat department in all adventures to the diggings. An intending digger should be handy at shooting, fishing, and cooking, and he must be able during his journey from the coast to the diggings to learn to drive oxen and speak the Zulu language. If he can do all this, he is the sort of man who will certainly make a living, and perhaps a fortune, in this new branch of industry. If a young man has neither employment nor the prospect of it at home, and if he can raise 100l. for outfit and passage-money, and has health, strength, courage, and above all, patience and sobriety, he had far better go to the diggings than remain idling at home. If, in short, he carries with him the virtues which produce success at home, he will probably succeed abroad. One thing, at least, seems certain—that for a long time to come diamonds will be found by those who seek them diligently.

PROMETHEUS ON THE CAB-RANK.

IT is an interesting problem how far exceptional temptation may carry with it special dispensation. If a man voluntarily enrolled himself among the cabmen with the idea of obtaining a general condonation for his vices and foibles, past, present, and to come, we assume that the motive would defeat the purpose. But if misfortune throws a man up on the box of a hansom or four-wheeler, we are strongly inclined to surmise that it may assure him at the same time a plenary indulgence. Of this at least we have no doubt, that the crucible into which the cabman is cast bubbles over a furnace of trial, seven times heated. He is the victim of temptation in every shape. He has to work for dear life under the pressure of stern necessity, interpreting for the penurious or lavish public a sliding scale of charges which the Home Secretary leaves to be regulated by his discretion. Were he the most prosperous man in the world, driving for diversion like the whips of the Seven Oaks and Windsor summer coaches, his temper would have to stand tests of weather that would fret cold-blooded reptiles to fever heat. The animals he has to handle are either relegated to the cab-shafts for propensities irreclaimably vicious or irresistibly irritating, or they are the worn-out leavings of other men with their former fires long burned down into their melancholy ashes. As for his dealings with his own species—regarding him as a savage, foul-mouthed and unscrupulous Bedouin, here to-day and gone to-morrow, with only a many-figured number whereby to trace him by, and with a hand turned against every man—people make him what they take him for,

in spite of himself. The world is his oyster, and a tainted oyster his experience proves it to be. No cab-driver can ply for long in the London streets without forming the very lowest opinion of his species. He becomes the involuntary confidant of all that is mean, base, and criminal. He lives a critic, and dies disgusted in the most pungent odour of cynicism. That it must be so, scarcely needs what obvious argument we may waste on it. Is it equitable or reasonable to believe that the men who involuntarily or ignorantly accept the responsibilities of a trade so beset with temptation and peril shall be judged by the same stern canons as other men? It is more in accordance with our ideas of immutable justice, with what crude conceptions we have of some doctrine of righteous compensation, to believe that, as the cabman is condemned in this life to drive his heart-breaking, soul-trying rounds in a profound circle of the terrestrial Inferno, so he shall be assigned in a future one a special licence conferring privileges infinitely greater than he thinks of agitating for here.

Of course we abuse cabmen ourselves, in common with all the cab-employing world. Universal abuse is the inevitable badge of the tribe, and, when we use strong language to them and of them, we know that we are but the passive instrument of their destiny. But when we moralize on their lot in our calmer moments, we find ourselves stung with the sense of their neglected suffering; and much good may the vicarious penance do them. The more we struggle to put ourselves in their place, the more are we inclined to admire them. A pimply cabman with battered hat, fiery nose, caruncled cheeks, sodden features, ragged driving cape, and grimy horsecloth, is not *per se* a poetical or romantic object. Yet more than most men, from responsible Ministers of the Crown downwards, does he embody, to our fancy, the sublime old Promethean myth of human nature in the death-grapple with superhuman trial, living through it somehow, and coming out of it not discredibly. He is summoned to the police-court for overcharge or abusive language, and the worthy magistrate, representing the inflexible justice of the law, sentences him righteously to a fine of fifteen shillings; failing payment, to seven days' hard labour. Very good; he has gone down in that round with the powers of evil, having most likely slipped his foot on circumstances over which he had practically no control. But in another week he is out again and back upon his box, going at hard life again with the old dogged determination, and thinking very little worse of the world than he has always done. Put yourself in his place, we say again; and a popular novelist might perhaps have made a more thrilling story than he did, had he taken a London cabman for his hero. You come out in a bitter January morning with an old screw, very groggy on his pins, between your shafts, and a sickly wife and six small starving children shivering in your home. That you left the cupboard bare, your sharp appetite reminds you; everything that can be turned into a marketable security, down to the family blanket, is placed in pawn. Before you begin to count the wretched wages for the hard day's work, you have to set aside the share of your master, the principal in the joint speculation. Speculation so far as you are concerned; but it is thus much certainty for him, that his profit is secured on the penalty of your starvation. What a bitter amount of vague proletarianism must ferment in those early cab-ranks waiting hungrily for fares! A maid-of-all-work approaches the stand amid intense general excitement. She throws the handkerchief to you, and you move off bespattered by a spray of venomous chaff from your daily intimates; chaff that in any other caste in life would rankle into lifelong animosity. Your fare is an elderly female, laden with boxes and bundles, returning to the country, where she has plainly been born and bred. She starts from Pimlico, and has as much idea of the latitude of Euston Square as of that of the Aleutian Isles. She has utterly neglected to keep up with the contemporary legislation of the Home Office. Is it in starving human nature, with flaunting gin-palaces all around emulously lavish of offers of temporary oblivion, not to try it on at least with the unprotected female, to raise the legitimate fare by thirty per cent., and claim to boot all the possible twopennies for outside luggage which the Constitution offers as premiums for dishonesty? Still more, if you are driving away from the station and the police force into suburban wilds. You see your charge fumbling nervously with his purse, and when he gets out you hear him offer you tentatively something over his fare. Is it in human nature not to make a bid for a competency for the day, when you are pretty sure to get it? Ask the millionaire contractors for Government loans. Ask the wealthy aspirants for political reputation who barter principle for place, or the rich City men who finance companies with spurious capitals of millions. We do not say the cabman is technically justified; perhaps, as a question of speculative ethics, we should be constrained to condemn him. We only say that sagacious experience instinctively preys on folly, and that it must be a rarely constant nature that can resist instinct backed up by necessity.

To pass from morals to manners, the case is still harder for the cabman. We can conceive a phenomenon of rugged virtue, bearing and suffering, clinging fast to principle, and preserving his virtue through everything. But we cannot conceive him guarding through all his trials and provocations any original suavity he may have been gifted with. If he is invariably smooth-spoken, he must be a hypocrite; if he does not use horrible language on occasion we look at him askance, and suspect in his nature atrocious depths which we should be sorry to fathom. Lunch comfortably at your club with a couple of glasses of sherry, and

then start to drive a hansom against the afternoon stream to the Bank or the Trinity House. Your time is your money, for you are being paid by the course. Your panels and your horse are your master's certainly, but you are responsible for them. All the way through the narrow thoroughfares you are being shaved by spring-carts galloped recklessly by juvenile butchers, who toss their baggy reins into the hands of a special Providence of their own, and take accidents resignedly as they come. Or you are threatened by ponderous waggons with their powerful teams, whose sluggish drivers are perfectly indifferent, knowing well that their deliberate inertia will shiver to splinters anything they "collide" with. One of these waggons blocks the way in front of you in a lock in Cheapside. After grinding your teeth behind it for a long ten minutes, you turn away by one of the side lanes. There, where there is only room for a single carriage, you find yourself brought up face to face with something else, as a couple of he-goats might meet on the ledge of an Alpine precipice. You back your jibbing, struggling, wearied horse for a full hundred yards, your impatient fare heaping you all the time with abuse, to find yourself at the point whence you started, and behind a wagon precisely identical with the one that sent you to try that heartbreaking short-cut. And when you land him by Capel Court, your fare, who has started from the Club like you, and knows the distance you have driven to a yard, gives you the bare eightpence you have legally earned, takes leave of you with a parting oath, and, when you catch his tone and answer him, threatens to give you in charge to the neighbouring policeman. We suspect, whatever reserve of good-humour your lunch started you with, it would be exhausted long before you had finished your thankless, profitless job, while the veritable driver has solid matter for perpetual misery, and has been subjected ever since he took to his calling to systematic irritations of the same sort. Perhaps, like peasants who go barefoot from the cradle, his hide grows callous with time. Judging from self-searchings of our individual nature, it is the only plausible explanation of his endurance. Then the merciful man is merciful to his beast, and the cabman and the cab-horse ought to have the sympathies of a common suffering. But the curse is, that the suffering of the superior being is continually being aggravated by involuntary provocations offered by the inferior one placed at his mercy. To hold up a stumbling bag of bones day after day, and urge him over mud and slush before a load utterly beyond his best ability, would brutalize a saint canonized beforehand for proved long-suffering. It redounds greatly to the honour of fallen human nature, that the whole of the cab-driving fraternity are not continually in the clutches of the estimable Society that vindicates the rights of the brutes. A cabman consistently humane in his practice, one who did not eke out his own beer at home with his horse's oats, would drive, to our mental eye, crowned with a triple aureole of glory, and would have nobly earned it.

If the cabman could only preserve his illusions, and retain any sort of respect for the people who drive him so hard, we might admire him less. But conceive the cynical glimpses of human nature a man must snatch habitually through the trap in the cab-roof. The experiences of Asmodeus and his companion hovering over roofless Madrid were nothing to it, for the Devil-on-Two-Sticks only gave his protégé a single bird's-eye view, while the cabman continually finds matter of demoralizing interest for eyes and ears. Confederates on their way to St. Stephen's, Capel Court, or the suburbs, arranging "plants," political, financial or burglarious; Sempronias of unimpeached virtue driven like Phrynes to unholy assignations, unwarily inviting suspicion by paying liberally for once in a way. All the meannesses as well as all the vices—old ladies taking out every inch of their two or three miles, carefully calculating, and counting the odd coppers for the ponderous packing-case outside, during the whole length of the journey; parsimonious householders picking him up as they walk, and, strong in their close-shaving experience, distancing him by inches to the familiar door they open with their latch-key. If we desired a certificate to human nature generally, the cabman is the last person we should apply to; but, on the other hand, we are by no means so sure that we might not fairly suggest the cabman as the type of respectable humanity.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

FOR a second, and possibly for a last time, the Royal Academicians devote their spacious Galleries in Burlington House to the master-works of ancient art. Thus the private collections of England, unrivalled in the world, are made available for the improvement of the public taste, and for the elevation of our contemporary art. The Exhibition which opens with the New Year has never, with the exception of great national collections, been equalled in this or any other country. We recall the Manchester Art Treasures, the Leeds Exhibition, and the Munich Loan Collection, as severally inferior to this crowning success. The public are indebted for the collective result to seventy-three contributors, among whom may be mentioned the Queen, Earl Dudley, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Ashburton, Lord Overstone, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. Wynn Ellis. The collection is nearly twice as great as that of last year; the pictures hung are more than double the number usually exhibited by the British Institution. The principle upon which the choice has been made it is not easy to define otherwise than as all-comprehensive.

Thus the Exhibition is without special strength in any one direction; on the contrary, its merit lies in its just balance and wide representation. The painters most profusely illustrated are Vandyke, Murillo, Reynolds, Rubens, Ruysdael, Teniers, Titian, and Greuze; and the schools in greatest force, as might be predicted from the known preferences of our collectors, are the Italian and the Dutch. The Spanish too, although Apsley House sends the master-works of Velasquez to another place for the aid of the French peasantry, is seen in considerable strength. The chief deficiency lies in the direction of the old German masters, a school always beyond the ken of Royal Academicians, as may be judged from the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. The Manchester Exhibition, opened by the Prince Consort in 1856, gave for the first time due prominence to the historic schools of "the Fatherland," and in the remembrance of the master-works then collected we cannot but regret that the Academy could not obtain from Castle Howard Mabuse's "Worship of the Three Kings." But it cannot be otherwise than that each successive Exhibition shall leave much to desire, and it were indeed hard not to be content with a collection so thorough as the present, which, in fact, may be accepted as a summary or brief sketch of the history of painting for a period of five hundred years. Over that space are distributed 426 works and 140 artists. The earliest picture is "The Last Supper," by Giotto, who died in 1336; and the most recent "Salvator Rosa showing his Picture to a Dealer," a work by Daniel Maclise, who was living in 1870. Chronological arrangement, or even division into schools, seems to have been abandoned as impracticable; still it is hard to understand the logic by which the fourteenth century has been thrust into Gallery No. VI. The hanging, indeed, from an historic point of view, is chaotic, and even for artistic effect far from intelligible or pleasing. It is well that none of these deceased painters can call the hangers to account. Yet perhaps, in an august assembly wherein death silences all jealousy, Tintoret does not object to meet Turner, or Rembrandt Reynolds, or Ruysdael Constable. Certainly, in this solemn asize our English painters need not fear to be tried by their peers.

The Gallery of Lord Dudley, which has been imported into Burlington House in gross, is, strange to say, equally remarkable, on the one hand, for pure Christian spiritualism; and, on the other, for that voluptuousness which has its soft, fleshy exponent in "a young girl" or "a young female" by Greuze. Chronologically at least, Fra Angelico takes precedence; therefore let us commence with his "Last Judgment," falsely in the catalogue entered as "Il Paradiso." The entry is false, because the picture comprises not only heaven but hell, saints rising to a life of everlasting joy, and sinners lost in second death consumed by fires unquenchable. The picture, though priceless, is less important than other like compositions with which we are acquainted. Compared with the master's crowning achievement in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* in Florence, it is clipped and curtailed in composition; the colours, moreover, are comparatively lustreless. Yet the artist is at home when he enters the fields of Paradise, wherein gentlest feet of angels tread a flowery path to heaven. Whatever this picture may lack in quality finds compensation in singleness of purpose and purity of motive. The work came from the collection of Cardinal Fesch. Fra Angelico is known to have painted four times the "Last Judgment," and the version before us Kugler designates as a "highly celebrated representation."

The collection of Italian masters affords a good opportunity of judging of the merits of the pre-Raffaellite controversy, and that in the person of Raffaele himself. "The Crucifixion" is among the artist's earliest works; it was "painted when he was seventeen years of age." The style is obviously that of the school of Perugino, wherein Raffaele diligently studied till the age of twenty. This picture remained long in Citta di Castello, a town highly favoured by nature and art, wherein Raffaele found his first patrons. "The Crucifixion" rested till comparatively recently in the chapel of the now extinct family of Gavari, for whom it was in fact painted; it afterwards was the ornament of the Gallery of Cardinal Fesch; it then passed to Ajaccio, and is now fortunately, with a long and trustworthy pedigree, in London. The catalogue furnished by the Royal Academy, which does not pretend to critical acumen, briefly and boldly designates the work as "the artist's first picture," whereas of at least equally early date are the standards or church flags, still in Citta di Castello, whereon are painted "The Creation of Eve," also "The Crucifixion, with the Almighty and the Holy Spirit in the act of sustaining the Cross, St. Sebastian and St. Roch kneeling at the side." The present writer, referring to notes made some years since, finds the following entry against these pictures:—"Frightfully ruined, and in parts repaired; certainly in Raffaele's earliest manner; indeed, in some portions, as in the First Person of the Trinity, the master's hand can scarcely be recognised." This evidence seems to add value to Earl Dudley's picture, which in comparison is in fair condition, and certainly, as far as internal evidence goes, may have come not only from the school of Perugino, but from the young and inexperienced hand of Raffaele himself. The manner, as we have said, is implicitly Peruginesque; the angels in the sky with ribbons flying decoratively, and feet poised tiptoe on little clouds, are motives of which Perugino was fond; the landscape, also, which might be taken from the shores of Thrasimene or the hills around Perugia, has the tenderness, the symmetry of composition, and the subordination to the main action which may be observed in the predella pictures of Perugino in this room. The colour is better than was usual with Raffaele, which is another

point of near approach to the great school of Perugia; Raffaele was not born a colourist, whereas his master is unsurpassed in solemn, and as it were religious, aspects of colour. It is common to extol this "Crucifixion" for intensity of expression; as compared, however, with the painter's later works in the Roman period, the expression is circumscribed and restrained; the action, too, lacks motion and dramatic impulse. Moreover, it would seem as if Raffaele, as indeed would be likely at the age of seventeen, was still learning his anatomy; the articulations are timidly careful; and, notwithstanding the conscientious pains to be true, the legs are out of drawing. Near to this early Christian work hangs Raffaele's first classic group, "The Three Graces." The comparison between the two is instructive. Facts prove that with Raffaele, as with Perugino and Pinturicchio, there did not exist, as Mr. Ruskin teaches, any sharp line of demarcation between the Christian and the classic period. The date of "The Three Graces" is 1506; the "St. Catherine," in our National Gallery, as also "The Entombment," in the Borghese Gallery, both eminently pure and primitive embodiments of Christian art, come a year later. And that throughout the life of Raffaele Christian and Pagan subjects overlapped and intermingled is further evident from the fact that the designs for the "Cupid and Psyche" series belong to 1516 and 1518, while the date of "The Transfiguration" is 1519-20. The above line of thought is suggested by "The Three Graces" now in the Academy. Though classic in subject, they chronologically belong to what is usually denoted the exclusively Christian period. Accordingly, it is interesting to observe how the style and execution are pure, simple, and tentative; in short, the Graces are treated as Saints; they are innocent and modest, although they have not a scrap of drapery upon them. And yet Raffaele has copied almost servilely these exquisite figures from the antique group in Greek marble found under the foundations of the Cathedral Library in Sienna. It is known that he greatly admired the group, and made a sketch of it, now in Venice. To the same classic work Canova and Thorwaldsen seem to have been somewhat indebted, when severally modelling "The Three Graces." Raffaele is closer to the original, the difference being that, while he infused the spirit of pure Italian art, Canova and Thorwaldsen corrupted the idea by modern mannerism. Having compared a photograph from the classic group in Sienna with the picture now in Piccadilly, we are enabled to say that the alterations made by Raffaele consist in the bend of the heads, in the lines of the extremities, in a more easy flow of composition, and thus in a general adaptation of the severity of plastic to the suavity of pictorial art. The Exhibition claims to show ten works by Raffaele, some of which ought certainly never to have been admitted. Yet the student has at this moment a rare opportunity of obtaining a critical knowledge of the master. The Royal Academy, the National Gallery, and the Kensington Museum now contain more widely representative works of Raffaele than any capital in Europe excepting Rome.

The pictures of the pre-Raffaellite period might admit of some weeding, still there must be a dozen or more in addition to those already named which inspire faith as well as reverence. The most noteworthy Bellini is "The Virgin with Saints," lent by Lady Eastlake. There are also, among the masters of Northern Italy, interesting examples of Mantegna, Crivelli, Bonifazio, and Domenico Veneziano. Kugler, after describing Mantegna's "pictures in chiaroscuro, which in some respects may be considered as painted reliefs," speaks of the picture in the Academy as follows:—"One of the most excellent works of this description, now in Mr. Vivian's collection in London, represents the Triumph of Scipio, in figures of noble action, and of a masterly character of drapery after the antique." Crivelli, rare in England till recent acquisitions in the National Gallery, is represented by two eminently characteristic examples, "St. George," and "Peter offering the Keys to the Infant Saviour"—works scarcely less remarkable than those in the Brera for strong individuality, especially in the heads and hands, for realism in the accessories, for lustrous jewellery, and fine decorative ornament in the draperies. In the "St. George," the arabesque pattern, incised on a gold ground, should be noted as a method indicative of the master and the period. The Bonifazio from the Dudley Gallery, "Virgin, Child, and Saints," though in quality not comparable to the examples in the Academy of Venice, may be taken as a fair specimen of a delicious painter who at present finds no place in our National Collection. A long story might be told of "The Madonna and Child," a fresco painted on an external wall in Florence, by Domenico Veneziano, four centuries ago, and transferred to canvas twenty years since. The fresco is mentioned by Vasari, and Mr. Wornum, in his *Epochs*, says that it is "perhaps the only existing work of Domenico." This invaluable relic is exhibited by the author of *Sketches of Christian Art*. Other portions from the same famous fresco were acquired for our National Gallery from the collection of Sir Charles Eastlake. We are carried onwards to the fifteenth century, when the Florentine school was approaching its prime, by choice specimens of Fra Filippo Lippi, Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, and Lorenzo di Credi. "The Virgin and Child with St. John," assigned to the last most lovable of painters, is a charming picture, pure in colour, tender in touch, and especially light-handed in the execution of the veil which falls from the Madonna's head. "A Saint," by Fra Filippo Lippi, is also very lovely; the style is free yet symmetrical, the response between head and hands, and the whole pose of the figure as of an angel in adoration, are most impressive. This tempera on panel has suffered much, yet what remains is unspeakably precious. Two compo-

sitions by Filippino Lippi, the son, "The History of Virginia," prove that even when Christian art was at its prime, secular subjects encroached on sacred ones. Yet we have generally noticed that painters reserved their best work, as was most due, for the service of the Church. We must also point out two singularly fine examples of Botticelli, a master who, with uncouthness and a certain power of repulsion, possesses singular fascination. "The Nativity," lent by Mr. Fuller Maitland, and "The Holy Family," from the collection of Lady Ashburton, give forcible expression to the painter's impetuous genius, which seems to have been denied the placidity and repose usually inherent to Christian art. In "The Nativity" the rapturous embrace of angels with mortals in the foreground, and the rush and swing of the angel dance in the upper sky, are inexpressibly wild and grand. This garland of angels, which is one of the most imaginative passages in the annals of Christian art, the painter repeated with variations in the magnificent picture in the Florentine Academy. In the work before us it is interesting to mark the dawn in the upper sky of "The Renaissance." The angels' robes float in the air with the graceful sweep of classic drapery. But we must conclude for the present with warmest thanks to the Academy for the rare treat it has given to all lovers of art.

REVIEWS.

THE REVOLT OF THE CÉVENNES.*

MRS. BRAY has taken a curious and interesting subject, and has made a very readable book of it; but though she is alive to its more obvious and superficial aspects, aspects remarkable enough in their way, she seems to us to fail in comprehending its full character. She treats it mainly as a romantic struggle between Protestant liberty of conscience and Popish tyranny and cruelty, judging of it on those easy principles on which we assume that one side, though perhaps there are things to be regretted in its proceedings, is entirely right, and, if unfortunate, deserves all sympathy and pity; and that the other side, whatever chance good may appear in it, is a fair and legitimate object for blackening. Looked at from a distance, the revolt in the Cévennes was such a struggle; one of those many results of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the insolent and intolerant despotism of Louis XIV., from the effects of which the French nation has not recovered to this hour. But, looked at near, other things force themselves into notice. The religious spirit of the Cévenol insurgents deserves a more discriminating and exact study than Mrs. Bray has given it. It was a terrible and ferocious superstition, compared with which the fanaticism of the Scotch Covenanters was a sober and self-commanding piety. A phenomenon of this kind is worth distinct and impartial representation, in what it has that is revolting, as well as in what it has of heroic; is, in fact, far more worth investigating and describing than the fortunes and vicissitudes, for the most part much alike in all cases, of a trial of strength between persecutors and persecuted. More about the life, words, thoughts, and ways of the Camisard insurgents, and less about the romance of raids and skirmishes, would have made the book more really valuable. And in her way of dealing with the romantic element of her story—the remarkable career, for instance, of Cavalier, the Cévenol leader—Mrs. Bray would have produced more real effect if she had not shown too much the intention to make him interesting. He and his companions are of course people on whom we may, if we please, throw an imaginative colouring, and make them move and think as great characters are made to act in a poem or a play. The materials for such treatment are undoubtedly there, but so are they also in the story of a Greek Klepht, or an Irish Fenian, or a Red patriot; and the interest of history is to take note of the differences and individual combinations of qualities which are merged and lost under the grand poetical disguise, and to show us the real man instead of the ideal one, or, at any rate, by the side of him.

A revolt against the system of the Dragonades, the relentless inquisitions of fanatical priests, and judicial cruelties in which the gibbet and even the stake were looked upon as gracious commutations from the rack and the wheel, does not need accounting for; but it is to be noticed that the definite mainspring of the revolt in the Cévennes was the alleged spirit of prophecy and its commands. The revolt, which broke out many years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and which lasted but three years, from 1702 to 1705, began, as such revolts have often begun, in a fierce act of revenge against one of the more prominent agents in the work of worrying and crushing, which seemed to be on the eve of success. A certain Abbé du Cheyla, inspector of missions for the conversion of the Huguenots, was supposed to be the instigator of the cruelties of the Intendant Lamoignon de Bâville, and to emulate them himself. He made his house a prison, and it was believed a den of torture; he was also credited, as was often the case at the time, with adding licentiousness to his brutal ruthlessness. In the last years of the seventeenth century, Pierre Brousson, the most eloquent and indefatigable of the "Prophets of the Desert," had after many escapes been caught, and put to death, on one of those mingled charges of heresy and treason which brought priests to the gallows under Elizabeth. His fate roused great feeling in

the Protestant mountaineers of the Cévennes; but terror usually goes along with wrath after these severities of the law, and Brousson's death, though it prepared the way for what followed, did not light the spark of the insurrection. That was due almost to an accident. Du Cheyla had surprised, and imprisoned in his house, a band of Huguenot emigrants making their way to Geneva; and it was the sudden resolution to rescue them which set the Cévennes in a blaze. But the thing specially worth remarking is that the resolution originated and was urged forward in alleged divine inspiration:—

It was in the spring of 1702, when a young man, named Durand Fage, attended, armed, one of the nocturnal assemblies for worship near Nîmes. "My son," exclaimed a prophetess who was present, "that sword which you bear shall destroy the enemies of the truth." She then continued to address him in like manner and with great energy, till her enthusiasm became contagious, and at length a hundred voices echoed her exhortation to go forth and do battle with the enemies of God.

At another meeting a Cévenol, called Stephen Goute, who had just escaped from a dungeon to which he had been committed by Bâville, suddenly appeared, and declared that the angel of God had delivered him as he did St. Peter; for he had passed through his guards and the iron gates of the prison unharmed. "Arm, arm!" he exclaimed in the fervour of his fanaticism; "God will restore to France the true Church, by a thousand of his people, and by the arms of the faithful." Many were the prophets who took up the like strain; it spread through the mountains with the rapidity of lightning, and the Cévenols by hundreds were ready for the contest.

At a midnight prayer meeting on one of the wildest mountains of the Cévennes the prophetic strain was taken up again by two men, the elder of them Pierre Séguier, who was to open the revolt with its first tremendous blow, and to be himself one of its first victims; the younger, Jean Cavalier, the baker's boy of seventeen, who was to become its guiding chief and soldier, who was to outlive it, and probably to outlive his own fanaticism, and who died in 1740 at Chelsea, a retired officer in the English service. Mrs. Bray, drawing her materials mainly from the curious work of M. Peyrat, *Les Pasteurs du Désert*, thus describes the occasion:—

Several determined men and resolute women stood around silent, with anxious looks, expecting the prophet who on that night was to be their preacher. At length he appeared.

He was about fifty years old; tall, large in person, with long thin features; the eyes dark, and deep set, beneath eyebrows thick and black, like his long and bushy hair. The expression of his countenance was wild and severe; altogether there was about him "that air of savage mystery" which fanaticism and reverie so frequently gave to the prophets of the desert. This was Pierre Séguier, or, as he is called by the historian Peyrat, "the Danton of the Desert."

There are men formed for revolutionary times: the moral tempest is their element; the destruction of those they hate their function.

Séguier was such a man. Lost to all sense of mercy as of fear, exasperated by the persecution of his countrymen, he breathed nothing but vengeance, and entertained the plan of destroying, if possible, all the Catholic priests, losing in his reckless indignation even the wish to discriminate between those who persecuted and those who did not.

On the night in question Père Séguier commenced his discourse by deploring the fate destined for the prisoners at Pont de Montvert. "But," he exclaimed with the utmost energy, "the Lord has directed me to take up arms to deliver our captive brothers, and to destroy the priest of Moloch who holds them in his prisons." Another prophet, Salomon Condere, started up and declared that by a vision he had received the same command. A third followed—Abraham Mazel—in the same lofty strain. All present caught the enthusiasm; and, with one applauding voice, their limbs trembling with eagerness, to press forward for the accomplishment of their purpose, to give freedom to their brethren, and to wreak vengeance on their persecutor.

There was one present, a youth of seventeen, the eldest of three sons of a shepherd of Anduze, who had been impressed by the preaching of Brousson when, little more than eleven years old, his mother took him to hear the prophet. He was a fair youth, not tall, slight, graceful, yet robust, of handsome features and a pleasing expression of countenance, in the bloom of health, with bright blue eyes and hair of light brown that fell in abundant tresses over his shoulders. Altogether, he was such as we may fancy him to have been who, armed with the shepherd's sling, in the cause of the Lord overcame the giant Philistine. This youth, born in the year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who seemed destined to live to avenge that act of tyranny, was Jean Cavalier.

He was not slow to add his voice to the general call for vengeance. On the breaking up of the meeting, Séguier, Abraham, and Salomon took the most active steps to add to their numbers all who, like themselves, longed for the call to arms. Séguier gave the rendezvous, at nightfall on the morrow, in the forest of Aléage, on the southern side of the mountain of Bourges, where three gigantic beech-trees reared their heads above every other denizen of the forest.

On the 24th of July, 1702, the band of terrible fanatics whose daring and cruelty were destined to make the name of *Camisards* a word of fear in the South of France first met for vengeance. Mrs. Bray tells the story well; though she would have told it still better if she had seen all its sides more clearly:—

At the places and at the hour named, fifty armed confederates assembled, ready to obey and eager to follow, even to the death, their stern and resolute leader. The three beech-trees overshadowed the spot which has been termed the savage cradle of the insurrection of the Camisards. It was so indeed; for there all was arranged; and from that spot Pierre Séguier, on the same night, the 24th of July, led on his chosen band towards the Pont de Montvert. Their purpose, as they viewed it, was to fulfil the behest of God. Whilst they descended, they sung one of the hymns of Marot, and the solemn strain mingled with the sighing of the night winds and the rush of the mountain torrents.

On that night, within the Abbey of Pont du Montvert (for by that name, so goodly a priest as Du Cheyla deemed himself to be, had chosen to call his mansion) there was mirth and carousing.

On the night in question he was in high spirits, courteous and pleasant, congratulating himself and his clerical fellow-labourers on having done so much, and so easily, in the destruction of heretics, when a servant suddenly rushed in, and disturbed the conviviality, by announcing that he had heard at the distance, as if descending from the heights, the psalmody of the

* *The Revolt of the Protestants in the Cévennes.* By Mrs. Bray. London: John Murray. 1870.

Cévenols. He anxiously listened, and, as it approached nearer and nearer, so did the strains become louder and louder, as of many voices.

At first Du Cheyla treated the warning lightly; but finding it true, he desired some of his military to go forth and rid him of those singing mountaineers, whilst he opened a window above and cried out, "Retire, you canaille; retire, you evil Huguenots! Begone with you instantly!" They replied by demanding "The prisoners! the prisoners!" Du Cheyla then ordered the guard to fire upon the intruders from above, for as they had completely invested the house, no one could pass out without being struck down on the instant. The guard fired; one of the prophets was killed and others wounded. This made the besiegers furious; and seizing the trunk of a tree which was lying against a wall, they used it as a battering-ram, forced the door, and gained entrance.

In their haste and fury they mistook one of his chaplains for himself and despatched him. Cheyla heard their cries, their terrible denunciations, and knew that he was lost. He gave absolution to those about him, whilst from the head of a flight of stairs they endeavoured to drive back the assailants who demanded his life. One of the Cévenols was severely wounded, but cried aloud, "Children of God, use not your arms, they do but retard our work; burn, burn, under his own roof, the priests and the satellites of Babel."

These words were not spoken to deaf ears; everything that came in the way was seized for fuel, the beds of the soldiers, the seats from the chapel, the very chairs and tables, and the heap was soon in flames. Du Cheyla and some of his people had taken refuge in a vaulted apartment under the roof. They tied the sheets of their beds together for a cord, and the first who descended into the garden was the arch-priest. He fell, broke his thigh, and crawled to hide himself in the hedge of the enclosure. Some who descended after him plunged into the river Tarn, and crossed under the fire of their pursuers. The woodwork of the mansion being old, the fire spread with such fury that the roof speedily fell in, and the glare of the flames served as a thousand torches to light the insurgents to their prey. He was torn from his hiding-place, "Kill him! kill him! shoot him! strangle the accursed persecutor!" The wretch piteously prayed for his life—only to spare his life.

It was not to be expected that he could find mercy; but the mixture of the intensity of human hatred with the enthusiasm and assurance of doing God service gives its special colour to the scene:—

Séguier rushed upon him. "Aye! you are a prisoner now," he exclaimed; "you, the slayer of the children of God! Ask not for life; no mercy; the Lord commands death." And as he thus spoke he struck the first blow. Every one who stood around now rushed upon the prostrate victim, each dealing a deadly blow. "There," said one, "take that for my father who expired upon the wheel!" And another followed, "And that for my brother whom you sent to the galleys!" "And that for my mother killed by you with grief!" "And that for my sister, my friends, perishing in exile, in prison, in torture!" And so they continued, till the wretched man expired. He received fifty-two wounds, twenty-five of which were mortal. His attendant, the cook, and many of his soldiers were despatched on the spot. The rescued prisoners implored and obtained mercy for one domestic and one soldier who had treated them with kindness.

The act of vengeance accomplished, Séguier and his comrades threw themselves on their knees beside the bodies of the massacred, and a strange spectacle it was thus to see bloodshed combined with a service to God, as they poured out their hearts in thankfulness for their success. All the live-long night they sang psalms, the wild harmony of which mingled with the roar of the flames and the rush of the rising storm. At the break of day Séguier directed a retreat, and, still singing a psalm of triumph, the Camisards retraced their steps to the shelter of their caves and rocky fastnesses.

Thus the revolt began, and in this spirit it was carried on. Séguier did not long survive. He retired to the woods on the mountain; there he spent the night after the arch-priest's murder, and on the following day, July 26, "to use the expression of the Cévenol historians, 'he came out of his forests as the storm does from the cloud.'" He rushed down on the plain towards Nismes, and, "attended by his band of Camisards, exercised with appalling cruelty what he called the *Judgment of God*." He spared not even the unoffending and helpless among the Catholics. But the outbreak had not yet gathered strength, and the Government, challenged and irritated, easily put out power enough to crush Séguier. He stood at bay, was defeated, and taken:—

Poul took him with his own hand. He was at once conducted to Florac in chains. During the route Poul addressed his captive with courtesy.

"Unfortunate man! now you are mine; after the crimes you have committed how do you expect to be treated?"

"As I should treat you if you were in my place, and I had made you prisoner," replied the undaunted prophet.

He was brought to trial, and appeared before his judges with a calm and proud demeanour; when questioned, giving many of his answers by passages from Holy Writ.

"Your name?" demanded the chief magistrate.

"Pierre Séguier."

"Wherefore are you considered spiritual?"

"Because the Spirit of God is within me."

"Your home?"

"The desert—and soon in heaven," he replied, looking upwards.

"Ask pardon of the King."

"I have no other king than the eternal."

"Do you not feel remorse for your crimes?"

"My soul," answered the fanatic, "is as a garden filled with shades and fountains."

Judgment was then passed upon him. First his right hand was to be cut off, and after he was to be burnt alive at Pont Montvert. Of the two Camisards who had been faithful to him to the last, one was to be broken alive on the wheel and the other hanged. On the 12th of August, with an unchanged demeanour, Séguier approached the pile destined for his execution. He looked steadily upon it, and then addressed the people who thronged to witness his death. "My brothers, wait and hope in the eternal. Our Carmels, now desolate, shall again blossom in the solitudes of Lebanon, even as the rose!" He died with unshaken firmness.

But the fire was kindled. After a moment of discouragement, the Camisards were again on foot. Séguier was succeeded by Laporte, "Colonel of the Children of God," equally confident of

inspiration, equally merciless, and soon cut off. Other leaders appeared, such as might be expected in a fierce and fanatical mountain population:—

André Castanet in his childhood had tended the goats, and learnt to tread the slippery mountain paths as fearlessly as his flock. When older grown he was of the same trade as his father, a carder of wool, and so earnest in his religious opinions, that to avoid persecution he fled for a time, but returned in 1700; believing himself alike inspired to preach and to destroy the enemies of his faith. He possessed a courage that despised all dangers; indeed, he rejoiced in them. The ferocity of his nature was well denoted by his exterior—dark-complexioned, hard-featured, black-haired, with fiery eyes, and limbs ill-formed but massive; he is described by a contemporary as having, to a fanciful imagination, "the figure of a bear." He considered himself a great theologian; and, to complete his pretensions, wore such a wig as the learned doctors of his day usually adopted.

Another Cévenol, named Ravel, who had been a soldier, joined the insurrection at this time, and soon became one of the leaders of it. This man, dark and fierce, was compared to a bull-dog, always bristling and growling. His face, seamed with sabre-cuts, was marked by the ruffianly expression commonly ascribed to a bandit. He lived principally on brandy and tobacco; and his only occupations were fighting and singing psalms. He had a great friend, in his own way, named Catinat, of whom we shall hear more hereafter. These men were equals in dauntless courage; but in other warlike points they differed. Ravel was skilful in a retreat, but even then furious as a wild boar in turning upon and menacing his pursuers. Catinat was most able in attack, and had the rush and the spring of a tiger. These friends were seldom apart; they were brothers in arms, in enterprise, and suffered alike in the reverses of their fortunes; and even in the close of their career. Catinat commenced his by an act of vengeance; for he waylaid and killed the Baron de Saint Comes, who had been a cruel persecutor of the Reformed faith. This deed of blood, to say the least of it, was most unwise; as, in his efforts to find out the guilty, Bavière wreaked his fury on many innocent Protestants of the plain, inflicting on them the most barbarous chastisements.

But, besides these grotesque combinations of Southern brigand and Northern Methodist Ranter, there were two men whose talents for organization and for guerrilla warfare gave its serious importance to the revolt. Laporte's nephew, Roland, besides the audacity given by supposed inspiration, had the power of arrangement and the tenacity of purpose of a political leader. He believed that he could force Louis XIV. to recall his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, at least from the Cévennes, and meant to do so; and but for the division of counsels which the Government was crafty enough to bring about between him and his chief associate, he might have succeeded. This associate was Jean Cavalier, a man of more attractiveness of character than most of the Camisard chiefs, with singular qualifications for a war of surprises—coolness, resource, address, promptitude—but less whole-hearted in the terrible religion of which he was for a while the stay and weapon, and capable of being won over, not by vulgar baits, but by the flattery, compliments, and fair words of a high-bred and generous military opponent. In Mrs. Bray's eyes he is the hero of the revolt. To us he seems to have been one of those men in whom the most brilliant parts come short for want of that power of perseverance and insight which can resist discouragement and weariness and the ugly look of present chances; and so, detaching himself at the critical moment when the power of the insurrection was seriously felt, though for the time checked, from the more resolute policy of Roland, he determined the failure of the revolt, and the loss of those ends which could have been the only compensation of so much bloodshed. Roland's platform of discipline is thus described:—

At this period the children of God classed themselves, according to what they considered the measure of inspiration vouchsafed to particular persons. First in rank were those who had the *gifts*, or supreme inspiration—Roland was of this class. Next, the prophets, or regular preachers. Thirdly, those who being filled with the *Holy Spirit*, considered they were directed by Him what to do or to speak; and fourthly, those who had the spirit of admonition or warning. As a whole, these fanatics deemed themselves to be a corporate body of saints; and though thus classed as above, all of them, as the occasion required, became preachers. Roland had exalted ideas of the rank in which he stood, and called himself "the General of the troops of the French Protestants assembled in the Cévennes." He had a regular staff of officers under him. There were brigadier-generals of each legion or regiment, and they formed his council of war. These had subordinates, and all were alike invested with the power of life or death over their troops, whose sense of duty was so strong they never murmured against it. The brigadiers and officers to their military united religious functions, and performed the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial of the dead. But in all other relations, save those named, the Cévenols lived in perfect equality and called themselves brothers.

In each cavern their provident chief placed a trustworthy person who understood his duty, and a body-guard to protect him. One of the most retired caverns was chosen for the hospital to receive the wounded and the sick, the drugs for medicines were carefully stored, and places considered as peculiarly safe were selected for the old, the women, and the children. The prayer-meetings and preachings were never forgotten, they were numerously attended, and held wherever for the time being it seemed most likely that the enemy could be avoided, and every man who came to them was ordered to be armed. And all this prudent and extensive preparation for a dangerous and difficult resistance, to be carried on against experienced French marshals and regular trained troops, was the work of Roland, a young mountaineer, not twenty-five years old.

There were, however, more questionable influences at work to inspire terror and to maintain discipline. A prophetic of gigantic stature, *la Grande Marie*, accompanied Cavalier, and by her oracles he executed judgment and punished the refractory. "She marched, fought, preached, and issued her orders for life or death," and being believed to be inspired by the Holy Ghost she was obeyed by every man in the Cévennes. When the communion was celebrated, a prophet stood by the table in ecstasy, fixing his eyes on each communicant as he approached, and, claiming to read the

secrets of his heart, spoke the judgment of the Spirit on his fitness and either admitted or repelled him. Their sentence was not confined to spiritual things:—

After attending on Montrevel at Nîmes, two of the young nobles (the Baron de Cadorne and Monsieur de Cabiron) were returning to their homes at Valfranesque, mounted, and followed by two valets on foot, when they were stopped at the bridge of Salindres by a brigade of Roland. "They believed at first," says the priest who records the circumstances, "that their lives were like the leaves in the last days of autumn, when a bitter wind agitates the trees." They made no resistance, and their servants were allowed to pass on. There was a pause before the Camisards proceeded to any further violence. Unhappily, they had with them one of their fanatics, possessed by the ecstasy of an imaginary prophetic spirit. This man was now called upon to decide the fate of the young nobles. He ordered the Baron de Cadorne to be set free, saying, "His hour is not yet come." But Monsieur de Cabiron was the son of a newly-converted, who had been a deadly enemy. Him the prophet considered "as a flower blown in the field, which ought to be cut down by the sickle of the mower"; his doom was death.

The prophet seeing their relenting spirit, rushed forward, like one of the infuriated priests of old commanding a sacrifice to the infernal gods, and exclaimed, "The Holy Spirit condemns this youth to death to expiate the sins of those young men who have borne arms against the children of God."

This fearful announcement being considered the award of inspiration, those feelings of pity which, for a moment, had overcome the purpose of the Camisards to shed blood, were cast aside, and once more their bosoms were as stone. De Cadorne could do no more. With all the warmth of youthful affection he bade farewell to the victim; he could not bear to witness the sacrifice, but withdrew mournfully, and went on his way to tell the sad tale, to break to the mother the news that her beloved son had fallen by the hand of murder!

But the most wonderful story is one of an ordeal of fire, challenged by one of these prophets, who had accused two persons at a Sunday meeting of the treachery which was no uncommon feature in the struggle. "Claris, still in an ecstasy, rose up, walked, sobbed, closed his eyes, raised his arms, and rushing up to a man, denounced him as a traitor." Another, passing through the crowd and throwing himself on his knees, confessed his intention of treason, and begged for mercy. But the suspicion of connivance arose, and there was a murmur through the crowd:—

Claris was not slow to understand it, and at once had recourse to a bold measure in order to reassure all present; he exclaimed, "The Spirit thus speaks by the voice of his prophet: O! men of little faith! is it you who doubt my power?—you for whom I have wrought so many miracles to save you? I will now make known to you my power in its full strength, and the truth of my servant. I will that at this moment a fire be kindled, and that you, my son Claris, be placed in the midst of the flames. Fear not; they shall have no power over you. I will be with you; I will preserve you."

On hearing this, the people who had murmured cried aloud, in terror, "O! Lord, we repent our unbelief. O! Lord, spare us the dreadful witness of fire. You know our hearts; we cry for pardon and mercy."

Claris, however, would not be appeased, and, if possible, with greater agitation than before, insisted on the ordeal of fire. Cavalier, who seemed to doubt the divine nature of the affair, was in no haste to comply; but at last he was obliged to yield to the vehemence of the fanatic, and to order that wood should be procured without delay. "I was one of the men," says Fage d'Aubais, "who went forth to collect a quantity of dried branches of pine and other trees; and with these a pile was speedily raised, so that all the assembly might witness what passed. I know not if it was not Claris himself who set fire to it."

The wood caught, the flames ascended, and Claris (who on that day had put on a new white camisole, which his wife had brought to him) walked into the midst of the burning pile. He held himself upright, clasped his hands, and raised them above his head, always in "ecstasy," and always speaking as if by inspiration. The armed troop and the whole assembly made a ring about the fire. Some threw themselves on their knees in tears and with sighs, overwhelmed by their emotion; others sang psalms; and many called aloud for grace and mercy. Above all, the wife of Claris wept loudly, and called on God. "I stood by her side," said Aubais, "and his father and brother, with their friends, were also present, and looked on one so dear to them in the midst of the flames that rose above his head and burnt around him. Nor did Claris leave the station he had thus taken till the flames subsided, and the wood was reduced to ashes. The Spirit, as he declared, was with him during the whole of the ordeal, which lasted about a quarter of an hour," when, like the Three Children in Holy Writ, he quitted the "burning fiery furnace" unharmed. He still spoke with a strong convulsion of the chest, accompanied by sobs. What had passed was, of course, attributed to miracle; nor could those present find terms adequate to express the astonishment and the awe inspired by such a scene.

A war like this was not likely to be carried on mildly. When once it had broken out, it was a mere contest of ferocity and horrible reprisals. The Royal officers succeeding one another, Bâville, Julien, Montrevel, quarrelled with one another; but each found that their heaviest and most pitiless blows still left the revolt unsubdued, and though Montrevel at least had collected 60,000 men, and a system of frank extermination had been tried, Cavalier and Roland still kept the plains of the Rouergue and the Vivarais in alarm. There was a desperation about this mountain warfare which did not suit the soldiers or officers of Louis XIV. Repeated disasters did not bring the spirit of resistance to an end; and what was really a brigand war, carried on with religious fervour and purpose, was beyond the ordinary means of repression in an age in which it was easier to fight pitched battles than to put down lawlessness. A Marshal of France, Villars, was at length sent by the Court. He succeeded. But he succeeded by means which were not strictly military ones. He worked on Cavalier's more yielding nature, not naturally inclined to the bloody work to which the nature of the contest doomed him, and separated him from his more resolute and more violent companions. Cavalier was pardoned, was received with a mixture of curiosity and disdain by Louis XIV., found himself an object of suspicion in France, passed with a number of his Camisards into the English service, and fought once more with his old fury and his

old losses against the French troops at Almanza. The other leaders, one after another, perished on the gibbet or the wheel. The revolt was one of those cases where brutal and immoral persecution provokes a resistance which breaks up the elementary bonds of human society, and which the interests of society and humanity make it necessary to suppress at any cost and with unflinching rigour. But this only throws an additional load of crime on the misrule which was the original cause of the evil.

ROME AND THE CAMPAGNA.*

THE task which Mr. Burn has achieved is one which few would have the courage to undertake, and fewer still the perseverance to carry through. The incessant demolitions and reconstructions which went on during the whole period of ancient Rome's prosperity and power, especially under the Empire, when one irresponsible man enjoyed unbounded means for the satisfaction of his caprice, when, like the Sultans of modern times, each sovereign destroyed or dismantled the palaces of his predecessor in order to build and furnish palaces for himself, when wealthy nobles and wealthier freedmen emulated the extravagance and caprice of their master; the destructive ravages of barbarian conquerors in the fourth and fifth centuries; the more destructive pilferings of native Romans, carried on through many ages down to the time of Urban VIII., of whom it was said, "Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini"—all these causes combine to make the study of Roman topography baffling and perplexing. Nor is this all. Since the fifteenth century a vast literature has grown up round the subject; antiquaries of all nations have employed themselves on the elucidation of its difficulties, some animated by an ardent love of historical truth, others by a cordial hatred of their contemporaries of the craft; some diligent workers with spade and shovel, careful observers and accurate readers; others rash and reckless theorizers, unscrupulous in assertion and audacious in fabrication. The student, therefore, who would make himself master of his subject, must not only examine the existing ruins and refer to all the passages of ancient authors which bear upon the questions of their site and destination, but he must go through the mass of modern commentary, sifting truth from falsehood, the work of the scholar from the work of the charlatan, reasonable conclusions from arbitrary guess-work.

Mr. Burn has performed this weary task with admirable diligence and scrupulous impartiality. The list of the principal authors quoted, who have directly or incidentally treated of his subject, contains 138 names. The mere index to the quotations from ancient authors, every one carefully verified, occupies more than seven closely-printed quarto pages. Antiquarian books are too often marred in the making, not for want of learning but for want of method, as if the minds of the authors had been confused by their multifarious reading. What should have been a muniment-room is merely a lumber-room. This is not the case with Mr. Burn's book. Everything there is catalogued, tabulated, indexed, so that the reader can find with ease whatever point he wishes to inquire about. All questions are weighed and determined with judicial impartiality; if the evidence is insufficient or equally-balanced, the questions are left, as they ought to be left, undecided. The author proceeds from fact to theory, and not from theory to fact. When an historian or archaeologist adopts the contrary process, and frames his theory first, he is sorely tempted to bring into prominence such facts as support his theory, and to ignore or distort such as make against it; but when he devotes all his energies to ascertaining the facts, drawing an inference when it is certain, and leaving others to draw it when it is doubtful, his critical faculty is not warped by vanity or self-love, he has no bantling of his own to maintain. Mr. Burn treats all his predecessors, Trojan or Tyrian, Italian or German, with equal courtesy. His candour in acknowledging his obligations to every one is as conspicuous as his modesty in not claiming originality for himself, even when he might do so without fear of contradiction. His sound common sense finds its natural expression in a simple and perspicuous style. The arrangement and distribution of the manifold and varied topics treated of in the book seem to be as methodical as the nature of the case allowed. First comes an introduction, on Romano-Greek Architecture; then a description of the site, geology, and climate of Rome; then a general survey of its history before the time of Servius Tullius, which, of course, in default of extant remains, is founded upon a comparison of written authorities; then a treatise on the Servian Wall, where first conjectural criticism is aided by actual remnants of the work, fragments of masonry and traces of a mound. The mention of the Servian Wall naturally leads to the consideration of the walls of Aurelian and Honorius, which on the left bank of the Tiber are still standing throughout almost their whole length. Next comes the Forum Romanum, the heart and centre of the political life of the ancient Republic, and both from its history and remains the central point of interest to the antiquary. Its history is divided into two periods, before and after the time of Julius Cæsar. With the single exception of the Tabularium, the existing ruins belong to the second period. In natural sequence come the other Fora, designed by successive rulers—Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Nerva,

* *Rome and the Campagna: an Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of Ancient Rome.* By Robert Burn, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.

Vespasian, and Trajan—to supply the growing wants of the city or to indulge their own taste for magnificence. From this point the ancient remains are treated of according to their position, as they group themselves on the several hills and in the adjacent valleys, beginning with the Palatine, which has a claim to precedence as the site of the city of Romulus, and ending with the Campus Martius, the centre of Modern Rome, but in old days really, as its name imports, an open plain, dotted here and there with temple, theatre, obelisk, or mausoleum. A chapter on the Campagna concludes the work. This last chapter does not enter into such fulness of detail as the former. A description of the Campagna and its ruins, at the same length and with the same minuteness as the description of Rome itself, would have required at least another volume. And it may be doubted whether such a volume would have found readers enough to compensate author and publisher for the labour and cost of its production. Among the thousands of visitors who annually crowd the streets of Rome, very few have zeal and energy enough to explore the wide and desolate Campagna. Their most adventurous excursions are a journey by railway to Frascati, or a drive to Tivoli, the latter road not being always safe from brigands. The gentlemen who scour the Campagna in scarlet coats and top-boots are not generally ardent antiquaries, and only regard an Imperial villa with interest as being a place where the fox may easily run to earth in some drain or cellar, and be lost.

A description of the catacombs forms no part of Mr. Burn's plan. They belong to Christian, not classical, antiquity. Moreover Rossi's great work, *Roma Sotterranea*, completely exhausts the subject, and the compendious account drawn up by Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote may be relied upon for its facts, notwithstanding the tendency to religious propagandism which marks its inferences. Protestant readers may take as a corrective the little work on the same subject by Mr. Hemans, who seems to have been reconverted by observing the resemblance which the dress of the early Christian priests, as depicted in the catacombs, bears to the surplice and stole of the Anglican clergy.

Mr. Burn's book is as free from any *arrière pensée* as it is from any preconceived theory. It is pervaded throughout by a singular uniformity and evenness, without being in the least tame or monotonous. It is too full of matter, and its author is too much in earnest, for that. On the one hand he never flags through weariness, on the other he is never tempted into ambitious descriptions, or grandiloquent perorations, or fanciful digressions. If one wished to give a specimen, it would not be easy to select, and separate from its context, any paragraph which might seem better suited for quotation than another. The book, as a whole, can only be appreciated by those who have made a serious study of Roman antiquities in Rome itself. For readers who have no such special knowledge, the part most generally interesting will doubtless be the introductory chapter which treats of the history of architecture. The author has consulted all works bearing on the subject, from that of Vitruvius to those of Fergusson, so that he is able to speak with almost professional assurance. We think that his remarks upon the barbaric pomp of the Romans, as contrasted with the elegant simplicity of their Greek models, are more severe than our means of comparison warrant. The architects employed at Rome, like the sculptors and painters, were, no doubt, for the most part Greeks, and when the buildings were erected at Rome architecture had long been on the decline throughout the Hellenic world. The ancient Greeks built with marble or limestone, and the smallest fragment of a ruin is beautiful in itself; the Romans generally built with brick, and faced the walls with marble or stucco; the outer coating is gone, and only the unsightly masses of brick-work remain, so that we cannot judge of the effect which the building produced when entire. The use of coloured marbles, which offended the taste of Cicero, and from which the earlier Greeks shrank, is not in itself barbarous. Provided the colours were well harmonized, it was surely a step in advance. From the paucity of really Greek remains we cannot be sure that they did not avail themselves of the richly coloured marbles which they might have found in the quarries of Tenos and Laconia. The pavonazetto which now forms the floor of the temple at Olympia may have been a late work; and so may have been the black marble threshold of the Propylæa at Athens.

Mr. Burn doubts whether the Greeks were acquainted with the principle of the arch. Now, considering that neighbouring nations, Assyrians and Egyptians, with whom their traders were in frequent communication, had employed the arch from time immemorial, it is highly improbable that so inquisitive and intelligent a people should not have learned to do the like. Those who constructed the dome-like roof of the very ancient "Treasury of Atreus" at Mycenæ, must have been on the verge of its discovery, if indeed a knowledge of the more difficult structure does not presuppose a knowledge of the simpler, much as a knowledge of Spherical Trigonometry presupposes a knowledge of Plane. And how can the conical roof of so large a building as the Odeon at Athens have been supported except by a dome? But we have more positive evidence. At the Isthmus of Corinth, near to the Hieron, but seen by few travellers owing to an overgrowth of shrubs, is a bridge of unquestioned Hellenic work with a true arch; there are remains of another at Mavrozoumeno in Messenia, and a third, still entire, is found at Xerocampo, near Sparta, whose antiquity would never have been called in question but for the pre-conceived notion that the Greeks could not build an arch. It was certainly employed by the successors of Alexander

in Asia Minor, and if we had had any considerable remains of secular buildings in Greece proper, we should probably have found it used there. In the temples a feeling of piety would exact a rigid adherence to traditional forms of construction; so long, at least, as temples were erected for worship and not for show.

To the student of Roman antiquities, perhaps the most interesting, because most novel, portion of Mr. Burn's work is his description of the discoveries lately made on the Palatine (pp. 176-178). The Emperor Napoleon III. bought the northern half of the hill and had it excavated at his expense under the direction of Cavaliere Rosa. The painter will regret the destruction of the picturesque creepers, shrubs, and tufts of trees, which once crowned the hill, but the antiquary will think the loss amply compensated by the discovery of the palace built by the Flavian Emperors. On this point Mr. Burn assents to Signor Rosa's conclusion, and we have not heard that any counter-theory has as yet been broached by German rivals.

With regard to the vexed question of the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, Mr. Burn adopts, and, as we think, with good reason, the modern German doctrine which places it on the southwestern portion of the Capitoline Hill, in opposition to the other doctrine, maintained by all Italians from Poggio downwards, and assented to by Gibbon, which places it on the site of the church of Ara Caeli.

It would be unjust to the artists and engravers employed upon this volume not to notice the beauty of the illustrations and the clearness of the maps. It is somewhat unlucky that of the former the most conspicuous (the frontispiece representing the newly-found statue of Augustus) is the least satisfactory. It would be equally unjust to the publishers not to commend the liberal spirit and good taste which they have shown in the production of this costly and beautiful book.

SEELEY'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.*

PROFESSOR SEELEY'S collected Lectures and Essays come before the world with the advantage, if advantage it be, that several of them are already familiar to the memories of many people. We make no doubt that most men at Cambridge, and we are certain that many men out of Cambridge, have not forgotten the wonderful Inaugural Lecture which here appears last in the volume. The Lectures on Roman Imperialism, which appeared, like the Inaugural Lecture, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, are also likely to be familiar to many, and it is much more to the writer's credit that they should be familiar. The Inaugural Lecture gave us no impression so strongly as that Mr. Seeley was the opposite to the prophet Balaam—that he was sent to Cambridge to bless the study of history, and that he turned about and cursed it altogether. The Lectures on Roman Imperialism show that Mr. Seeley, like many other people, is better than his own doctrines, and that he himself has not wholly neglected the studies on which he teaches the students of Cambridge to set so little store. Those three Lectures are well worth reading and thinking over. Neither this nor any other part of Mr. Seeley's volume gives us the impression of really hard work. We seem to be listening to a man who has rather played with his subject than toiled at it. All Mr. Seeley's writings have something of that sketchiness which is the besetting sin of lectures, but which is not necessarily involved in the nature of a lecture. But Mr. Seeley's sketchiness is the sketchiness of a clever, observant, and thoughtful man; he seizes on good points and puts them into shapes which are often at once striking and true. And he writes for the most part clear and rational English, with but little either of the slovenliness or of the affectation which are nowadays the fashion. Altogether, if we cannot admit Mr. Seeley as a full guild-brother of the order of historical scholars, we can gladly welcome him as an outsider who keeps his eyes open, and the result of whose speculations we are thoroughly glad to hear.

The three Lectures on Roman Imperialism are a really good survey of the period of history with which they have to do. We have read them more than once, and they have struck us each time from various points. For the first of them we had indeed reason to be thankful when it first came out. It was a vigorous protest against the deification of the first Cæsar at the hands of the man who professed to be the antitype of his nephew. And, though book and dominion seem alike to have passed away, it is still a gain to have a picture of Cæsar evidently drawn with a special view to the imaginary Cæsar who was for a moment held forth to the world as one of the three great Saviours of Society. Cæsar, in Mr. Seeley's view, had no great and enlarged schemes; his objects were mainly selfish, and his policy gradually developed itself under the influence of circumstances. The change to the rule of a single man was, as a matter of fact, a gain for the provinces, but it was by no means deliberately designed by Cæsar as such; any movement for bringing the provincials nearer to the rank of citizens was of all measures the least likely to be acceptable to the popular party by whose help Cæsar rose. "The revolution," says Mr. Seeley, "was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization." He further holds, not only, what there can be no doubt about, that the various instances of the rule of a single man, the dictatorship of Sulla, the special commission of Pompeius, and such like, paved the way for the dominion of Cæsar, but also—what seems to us far more doubtful—that the earlier

* *Lectures and Essays.* By J. R. Seeley, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

stories of Spurius Cassius, Spurius Maelius, and Marcus Manlius, show that, among a large portion of the Roman people, there was all along no repugnance at all to kingly government. Mr. Seeley's general notion of Cæsar is put well and clearly in the following passage:—

If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when freedom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed an Aristotle. I believe that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career. The Empire itself he looks on as "a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military forces of the Empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded":—

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognised. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had so much success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes.

In Mr. Seeley's idea there is a "great Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of [Tiberius] Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium." Then, after the time of tranquillity—always comparative, often actual, tranquillity—comes "a second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius in A.D. 180 and ending with the accession of Diocletian in A.D. 285." This is certainly a period—a period for the most part of change and confusion—for which the name by which Mr. Seeley calls it is not wholly inappropriate. But we cannot follow him when he says that at this time "the Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sympathies and separated from the others by national differences." This is the same notion as that of Sir Francis Palgrave about Tetricus and Carausius being founders, or at least forerunners, of separate national kingdoms in Gaul and Britain. For this notion we never could see any evidence. A general who aspired to Empire, but who failed in obtaining the whole Empire, would naturally find his dominion bounded by the limits of his own province or by some other obvious and recognised frontier. But this does not show that strictly national sympathies or national differences had anything to do with the matter. Indeed Mr. Seeley goes on, in a striking passage which immediately follows, to show how little they had to do with it.

Mr. Seeley goes on with the history of Roman Imperialism down to about the time which is commonly spoken of as the Fall of the Western Empire. The latter part, where he deals with the influence of the Christian Church on the Empire, is specially worthy of attention. We are not sure that Mr. Seeley attaches so much importance as he ought to do both to the actual unbroken endurance of the Empire itself in the East and to the endurance of Imperial ideas in the West. Of course in a certain sense neither of these is Roman Imperialism. But in another sense both phenomena form an important part of the history of Roman Imperialism. The *Papaloi* of the Byzantine Empire—we might add of Eastern Europe down to this day—Roman in nothing in the world but political allegiance, are the true successors of the artificial Romans of earlier days, the Gauls whom Cæsar brought into the Senate, the Emperors of Spanish or Illyrian birth. We should bear in mind that, if a patrician of the first days of the Commonwealth would have disowned Constantine Palaiologos as a Roman, he would have disowned Trajan just as much.

It is unpleasant to turn from these three Lectures of Mr. Seeley's, every word of which may be read with interest and profit, to some of the shallow productions towards the end of the volume. We seem to be landed in another world. Mr. Seeley, who could treat the subject of Roman Imperialism in a tone befitting the subject, now becomes in a good many places, not only shallow, but flippant and egotistical. There are several pages in which we are sure that his printer, like Erskine's, must have found his fount of capital *Is*—should we please Mr. Cayley if we wrote *Eyes*?—run altogether dry. And we find now that one of Mr. Seeley's Essays, that on Liberal Education in Universities, is the original home of a certain sentence the authorship of which we had forgotten, but which we had long carried about in our mind as the very perfection of hasty flippancy:—"As a rule, good books are in German, and it may happen that the student does not read German." Hasty smartness of this kind is just the

way to make men, both those who read German and those who do not, undervalue the really gigantic contributions which Germany has made to learning in every branch.

This Essay on Liberal Education has a very good object, to attack the excessive importance attached at Cambridge to a place in the various kinds of tripos, and to encourage the pursuit of learning for its own sake, and not merely for the sake of a fellowship. But an Oxford man reads it with a smile or a sigh. Mr. Seeley's chief schemes for improving the University of Cambridge have been for years in practical working in the University of Oxford, and unluckily none of them has proved the perfect panacea which perhaps it ought to have proved. At Oxford the class lists have been, all but from the beginning, arranged alphabetically. Many fellowships have always been open to the whole University; many more have become so lately. In fact at Oxford the notion of confining fellowships to members of the College never was the rule. So also it never was the Oxford rule to award fellowships purely according to men's places in the class list; the Colleges always professed to go by some independent standard of their own, and that standard is now everywhere a real examination. All these are things which Mr. Seeley wishes to see made universal at Cambridge; the unlucky thing is that, though they have all been for a long time familiar at Oxford, there still are men at Oxford who pursue learning, so far as they pursue it at all, not for its own sake but for the sake of a fellowship.

The Essay on "English in Schools" is amusing enough, as showing plainly that the notion of the historical study of any language never came into the head of the Regius Professor of History. He talks as if the study of Greek and the study of English were two studies instead of one study. We must yet again lift up our voice in the wilderness to say that, if a child be taught his Grimm's Law from the very beginning, the wearisome labour of grammar-learning is to a great extent turned into a sport.

The other Essays are of a higher character. There is much useful practical thought in that headed "The Church as a Teacher of Morality." Those on Milton too are very well worth reading. That on Elementary Principles in Art will make some people stare, but those who stare will perhaps find it easier to stare than to answer. Altogether there is a great deal of matter for thought in Mr. Seeley's volume, but the beginning and the end of it are strangely incongruous with one another.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN.*

AS we opened this work we rather expected to find a treatise on the *Alabama* Controversy, or the Canadian Fisheries. Whether we were relieved when we discovered that we were mistaken we scarcely know. We certainly are somewhat tired of the argumentative complaints of our discontented cousins over the water, and rarely read them unless they come to us expressed in that polished language by which General Butler knows so well to get for himself, at all events, a hearing. Dull as ordinary American arguments may be, and, duldest of all, ordinary American oratory, yet we would—and we say it deliberately—rather read through a President's Message than these reprints from *Fraser's Magazine*. Our author resembles, indeed, a President in this, that he deals, and deals authoritatively, with almost every topic under the sun. Nothing is too great, nothing is too little, for his grasp. He knows which is the best hour for dinner, and how far we should believe in Mr. Darwin and his theories. He can assure his readers that "Noll" as he familiarly calls Oliver Cromwell, "was a great man, and I think a good one too, as far as the company he kept would allow"; and he can warn us all against a "five o'clock tea." He is, in fact, a kind of intellectual elephant or Nasmyth's hammer. He can with equal ease pick up a pin or raise a vast weight, and crack a nut or forge a great lump of iron. No wonder that, in talking of "Noll," he adds with great condescension, "I should not have disliked dining with him. No doubt he would have preached over his claret, but the sermon would have been worth hearing." We ourselves should have been well pleased that our author's wish had been gratified, and that he had dined with Cromwell. In those days *Fraser's Magazine* did not exist, and he would have found some difficulty in even once inflicting his tediousness on the world, much more in reprinting it "with additions." In any case, however, we should have felt quite comfortable in having the dust of two good centuries heaped up between him and ourselves. But we feel at once how impossible it is that this wish should have been gratified. There is a sequence among writers, as in everything else. Milton could not have lived before Virgil, nor Virgil before Homer. In like manner he who has written of *A Visit to My Discontented Cousin* could not have lived before "A. K. H. B." who told of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*, nor could "A. K. H. B." have lived before the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Mr. Martin F. Tupper is indeed the founder of a great school of writers; and though he, alas! is growing old, yet happily around him are springing up those on whose shoulders his mantle may not unworthily fall. We can fancy some "E. C." (for such are our author's initials) or "A. K. H. B." among our remote descendants, addressing him in the words that were applied to one with whom even Mr. Tupper may be proud to be joined:—

Hail thou all eloquent, whose mighty mind
Streams from the depths of ages on mankind.

* *A Visit to My Discontented Cousin*. Reprinted, with Additions, from "Fraser's Magazine." London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

With Mr. Tupper's mighty mind and Cicero's both streaming at the same time, there is indeed a vast amount of illumination provided for all space and time. Our author, like "A. K. H. B.," is indeed only a kind of moon in the firmament of which Mr. Tupper is the sun. He has no original light of his own, but has a great power for catching and reflecting all that falls from that vast luminary. It may be the case that those whose sight is too weak to gaze on the *Proverbial Philosophy* in all its noontide effulgence may find its rays, as mildly reflected in the book before us, better suited to their eyes. Perhaps indeed this is a case of double reflection, as, Mr. Tupper being the sun, "A. K. H. B." is more properly the moon, while "E. C." is some clear expanse of watery fluid that reflects the moon. If the following lines are not already in *Proverbial Philosophy*, they ought to be. We are not sure if indeed they are not already metrical—as metrical, that is to say, as any other portion of that great work:—

The petals of the mind may be closed at breakfast-time, but, under the bright and cheery beams of dinner, they expand like a convolulus at noon.

In Rouen they tell a story of how the designer of one of the great windows in the church of St. Ouen in a fit of artistic jealousy stabbed his pupil. Let "E. C." beware how he comes across the great Proverbialist, or he may find how deep a master's jealousy can be. Mr. Tupper has doubtless a meek and forgiving spirit, but if he can, which is doubtful, get over the "petals" and the "convolulus," he can scarcely be expected to bear with calmness such a master-stroke as the following:—

The morning repast is over; and, whether it be consumed in court or cabin, in society or in solitude, by lounging club-man of the Albany or weather-beaten clod-hopper of the fields, sitting by the lane side, his little granddaughter by his knee, waiting and prattling until the tin and pitcher is empty and it is time for her to trot home with it; I hope all are the better of it. Ah! woe is me for the man whose heart is too sad or too low to eat breakfast, and who is launched unprovoked on the cold work of the world.

It is in *Fraser's Magazine* that this "matutinal prologue," as our author calls it, "is spoken"—a magazine in which Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Thackeray used to write, but which has come down to authors of the great Tupperian school. Is there no one left on the staff of that magazine or in the office where it is printed, no one who was a printer's devil in its palmy days but who now is among its composers, who can preserve the tradition of a time when *Fraser* knew not Tupper and his school? Is its present editor a convert to this new philosophy and new style, and does he think that Mr. Martin F. Tupper is the Henry VIII. of the nineteenth century, and is quite as much in need of a chivalrous apologist? Though Mr. Froude's judgment is none of the soundest, we did at all events do him the justice to believe that, if he is slow at discovering villany, he is quick enough at discovering folly. It would seem, however, that he has read through some three hundred pages of platitudes unrelieved by a single sensible remark or shrewd observation, and has found them admirably suited, if not for himself, at all events for the readers of his magazine. We notice, indeed, that this book is a reprint, with additions, of articles which appeared in *Fraser*. It is just possible, therefore, that the additions are really no additions at all, but are rather restorations. There may have been passages so bad that Mr. Froude could not stand them, and so struck them out. And yet we are reluctantly obliged to refuse him credit for even so much sagacity as this, as the book is so uniform in its mediocrity as to render excision almost impossible.

This Tupper and water, if we may be permitted so to describe our author's work, is certainly seasoned in a most strange manner with a spice of sensationalism. Intermingled with dissertations on geology, meals, authors, music, game-preserving and division of land, are a few of the milder among the crimes, such as burglary. As an episode, indeed, a case of a suspicious death and of a trial for murder is thrown in. It is only an episode unfortunately, and yet we cannot but admire the dexterity with which it and its twenty-five pages are tacked on to the story. Our author quotes Burns, and then goes on to say:—

Since I have quoted the only Scotchman I ever read of who deserved to be an Irishman, from his love of fun and of whisky, let me tell you a very romantic and curious story which happened in the picturesque but then not too tidy metropolis of Scotland.

We know of no *callida junctura* that quite equals this, except that in the Joe Miller story of the sporting character who used to break in upon every conversation with "By the way, did you hear a gun go off?" and then, receiving an answer in the negative, went on, "Now we are talking of shooting," &c. But though one or two stories of this kind are thrown in, and though "a sleek, punctiliously dressed gentleman, a prosperous village-gentleman," took advantage, after the manner of his "species," of a slumber into which a fellow-traveller fell, to arrange with his comrade in a railway carriage a scheme for fraudulently acquiring some title-deeds, yet we must confess that it is not in sensational scenes that our author's strength really lies, and that he only does justice to himself when he keeps to moralizing. He gets perhaps a little confused now and then with his metaphors, but in this he is not singular, for soundness in morals and weakness in metaphor are often found together. The following eloquent passage, for example, would be admirable indeed if it only happened to have any meaning:—

It is easy to stamp the great and vigorous Puritan spirit with the errors and follies from which no school of thought can be free. Even at this day, while the upper crust of English society affects to deride it, not only are the masses leavened with it to the centre, but its essence percolates through all ranks, and is the true foundation of our greatness.

Here we have a spirit whose essence, though it is the foundation, yet filters (upwards, we presume) through all ranks, in spite of the fact that the largest of these ranks is already thoroughly leavened with it, and that the upper crust affects to deride it. Our author, just before he wrote this panegyric of Puritanism, must, we should imagine, have met with "M——," whose conversation, as he tells us, "sent you home with your mind inebriated with imagery." The inebriation, happily, soon passes off in the case of our author, and, however unsteady may be his pace for a time, yet he can soon walk once more in the way that becomes a follower of the great and good Tupper. We have given a specimen of him when in his severer moods; let us now do him and Mr. Froude the justice to quote a passage taken from his lighter writings:—

It is a very doubtful enjoyment, at the best, having breakfast in bed. It is luxurious, but still imperfect. Like all human bliss, a drop of bitter mingles in the very fountain of pleasure. The *Times* won't lie straight. The pillow slips from behind your aching neck. You cannot reach the butter without an effort, which capsize the tea over the muffin, whence, in a broad brown stream, it trickles to the counterpane. It is, after all, but labour and sorrow. The fish slides off its plate, &c. &c.

It is a marvel that any man who had once mastered the art of spelling should write pages on pages of such trash. It is a greater marvel that a scholar like Mr. Froude should let it find its way into his magazine, instead of into his waste-paper basket. It is the greatest marvel of all that it should be reprinted, and reprinted with additions. There must be, we suppose, a large number of readers who, after the manner of very little children, like nothing so well as to hear the most commonplace matters spoken of in the most commonplace language. To all such people we can most strongly recommend *A Visit to my Discontented Cousin*, and we should not be surprised if, supposing its author were to join with Mr. Tupper in his public readings, he found himself as well as his master welcomed by what he calls "a concentric yell of cheering." We would venture to advise him, however, in all future writings, to stick to the "moralities," and not to meddle with facts. If he must display his extensive reading by a reference to Macaulay, he would do well to refer to him generally, and not to specify the volume. Our author may have read Captain Burt's Letters from Scotland, but most assuredly Macaulay does not refer to them "in the first volume of his History," but in the third. Nay, even our author cannot be consistent with himself. He may, for all we know, have a cousin who is in "possession of an estate worth 15,000*l.* a-year," and likely enough, when going to visit so fortunate a man, he finds his cousin's "groom and dog-cart waiting" at the station. Nevertheless it is somewhat curious to find that on the next page, when after "a drive of four miles" he reached "the Grange," and "a white-headed butler and a footman came forth to meet me," the "groom and dog-cart" had disappeared, and "my fly drove up."

Amphora corpit
Institui; currende rota cur ureus exit?

We fear that, a second Icarus, he tried too high a flight, and unable to keep up at the height of 15,000*l.* a-year, grooms, white-headed butlers, and dog-carts, he met with a sudden and somewhat shameful downfall. We will only add that, if our author is resolved to cling to a literary career, there is one kind of composition for which he seems to us to be in every way qualified. Among the writers of those manuscript sermons which at times we see advertised for sale he would find himself unsurpassed, even by the author of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*.

THE REVISED EDITION OF THE STATUTES.*

THE uses of the Statute-book are twofold. It is a storehouse of historical materials, but it is also a law-book. For the purposes of the historian, whether of political events or social changes, a collection of the statutes cannot be too full. To him the hundred and ten volumes of Pickering's edition open up a delightful series of contemporary pictures of English history. From the curt Latin and rudimentary French of the early feudal enactments, to the full-blown verbosity of the eighteenth century, all is dear to him. Whether or not an Act is still in force is not his affair; or rather, its antiquarian interest is probably the greater if it has been long ago repealed. He cares little whether a Statute be a mere privilege for the banishment of H. le Despenser, or whether it will pass muster with jurists as a true law, like the Statute of Limitations. For him much has been done, and very rightly done, by Government. It was for his benefit that the Record Commissioners, in the first quarter of the century, published, after a most laborious comparison of original rolls of Parliament and enrolments in Chancery, their magnificent folio edition of the "Statutes of the Realm," down to the death of Queen Anne.

But all this time the lawyer was neglected. Besides the chaos of judge-made law which is embalmed in the Reports, he is supposed to be acquainted with all the Statute-law which has not been repealed. The problem of reducing to a manageable bulk the law contained in the Reports has not yet been solved, but there is really now some hope that the other great source of law may be rendered much more accessible than it has been hitherto. For the lawyer the Statute-book is a law-book, and he wishes to see it

* *The Statutes: Revised Edition. Vol. I. Henry III. to James II. A.D. 1235-6—1685. By Authority. London: Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. 1870.*

cleared of archæology. If he opens the book and sees an enactment there, he wishes to be sure that it is still in force, or, at all events, was so at the date when the book was published. His science has quite enough of inherent difficulty to occupy him fully, even if he were relieved from the semi-mechanical labour of consulting imperfect and *ad hoc* authoritative indices and treatises in order to form a conjecture how far a statute of Edward I., scotched but not killed in the time of Anne, and partially revived under one of the Georges, has been finally disposed of in the present reign. It is good news for the lawyer, as well as for every one who is interested in the due administration of justice, that the first volume of a revised edition of the statutes has just appeared, and a very handsome small folio the Queen's Printers have made of it. Great must have been the amount of obscure and painstaking toil, other than typographical, which preceded its publication, and many a thousand pounds has the British taxpayer expended from time to time upon the undertaking of which it is the first fruits. A revised edition of the statutes, to contain only those actually in force, has been talked about in Parliament, and reported upon by Commissioners, with no apparent result, for at least half a century. In fact the enterprise has been considerably mismanaged. Sometimes it has been entrusted to one set of persons, at another time to another set; it has been conducted upon various principles, and has occasionally been allowed to stand still altogether. Its vigorous prosecution dates from the Attorney-Generalship of Lord Westbury, when the work was seriously taken in hand, and it has since been carried on upon a definite plan. Registers of repealed Acts had been previously made. Long lists of Acts that ought to be repealed were now drawn up, and Parliament was persuaded to sweep them from the Statute-book by thousands at a time. This went on under successive Chancellors till, two years ago, Lord Cairns saw his way to raising the edifice the foundations of which had been laid with so much care. He requested a Committee, at the head of which is Sir John Lefevre, to superintend the publication of the work, and appointed Mr. Arthur Wood to be its editor.

The volume now before us contains all the law still in force which was produced by Parliament during the four hundred and fifty years which preceded the Revolution of 1688. The living statutes of the two centuries which separate that date from the present time will of course occupy a very much larger space. With each succeeding reign the number of topics calling for legislative interference has multiplied in a rapidly increasing ratio, while the language of draftsmen has by no means tended towards a compensating brevity; the English Parliament has become a Parliament for Scotland, Ireland, and a great colonial empire; and, as we approach our own times, the proportion of obsolete enactments must of course be smaller every year. It would scarcely, therefore, be surprising if the complete series of revised statutes should extend to twenty volumes, or even more. Some idea, indeed, of what is to be expected may be gained from a very interesting survey of the whole field of statute-law which was issued, under the authority of Sir John Lefevre's Committee, early last year. It contains, besides a useful alphabetical index of subjects, a full catalogue of all the statutes, in chronological order, from Henry III. to Victoria, with a precise indication of the extent to which each has been affected by subsequent legislation. We have on more than one occasion pointed out the need of an edition of the statutes which should not only be cleared of obsolete matter, but should also contain only general laws, and exclude Acts which have no operation in England. We rejoice therefore to see that a number of Acts hitherto printed as "public general" are omitted from the chronological table (and from the first volume of the revised edition) as being really local or private; and that although Acts operative only in Scotland, Ireland, or the colonies, are retained in this table, they are there distinguished by the initial letters S., I., or C., and are treated in the index as entirely distinct bodies of law. Indeed the compilers of the index have supplied a striking illustration of the views which we have expressed, upon previous occasions, of the true nature of a public general statute, in the long lists which they give of Acts which have hitherto been classed as such, but which are apparently to be omitted from the new edition. Among these are confirmations of charters of boroughs, of orders about oyster fisheries and drainage, of the validity of certain marriages, and the like. The titles of Inclosure Acts alone occupy fourteen closely-printed columns. Upon the general plan of this most valuable work we will merely say that the proposed omission of certain classes of Acts would be more satisfactory if made in accordance with some avowed principle; and that it surely is still worth while to consider, before the new edition is brought down to the date of the union with Scotland, whether its later volumes could not be relieved of those Acts which, as having no operation in England, have already been classed by the official index-makers as Scotch, Irish, and Colonial. The Acts which would thus be excluded should of course be published, with all due care, for those portions of the empire which they concern.

The first volume of the revised edition, though it is primarily a law-book and omits repealed enactments, contains abundance of matter that cannot fail to interest even the non-professional student. The prefixed list of all Acts passed from the twentieth year of Henry III. to 1 James II. is of itself a very instructive document, in glancing through which one is vividly reminded of the struggle against the royal prerogative, the

development of judicial procedure, the trade of the staple, the labour question, and all the long pageant of English history down to the ominous gap between 16 Car. I. and 12 Car. II., and the abrupt termination of the Acts of James II. in the first year of his reign. Although five-sixths at least of the statutes in this list are noted as repealed, it is curious to find how much of our law still dates from the Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns. The very first Act on record, the "Provisions of Merton," where the Barons, pressed to accept the ecclesiastical rule of legitimation, "*una voce responderunt quod nolunt leges Angliæ mutare que usitate sunt et approbate*," is still unrepealed; and so is much of the "Statute of Marlberge," of the fifty-second year of Henry. A large number of the Acts of "the English Justinian," Edward I., are still binding. Among these are the *de viris religiosis*, and the *de tallagio non concedendo*. The famous "Statute of Westminster the Second" upon the first chapter of which, the *de donis conditionalibus*, depends the whole doctrine of entails at the present day, is also the source of several well-known institutions, such as justices of *nisi prius*, execution by *elegit*, and the writ of *fiery facias*. As we turn over the pages, we come to *quia emptores*, which still regulates the creation of tenure; and then to "Magna Charta," which, it may be observed, is here printed under the twenty-fifth year of Edward I., by whom it was in that year confirmed. During his reign the language of the statutes changes from Latin to French, which in its turn gives place to English under Henry VII. The twenty-fifth of Edward III. is memorable for the "Statute of Treasons," directed against any one who "*fait compasser ou ymagineur la mort nostre Seignr le Roi, ma dame sa compaignie, ou de lour filz primere et heir*"; and his thirty-fourth, for the assignment of justices "*en chescun countee Dengleterre pour la garde de la pees*." Under Henry VIII. we come upon the great "Statute of Uses"; and under Edward VI. we find the Act for the establishment of "one convenient and mete order ryte and facyon of comen and open prair."

The still valid Acts of Elizabeth occupy a larger space in the volume than those of any other monarch with the exception of Henry VIII. Among these are the Acts providing for the relief of the poor, against fraudulent conveyances, and for the regulation of pawnbrokers; and one for the regulation of artificers and labourers, which is remarkable as the earliest instance of a consolidation Act. After reciting that there are many statutes concerning labourers, "yet partly for the imperfection and contrariete that ys founde and doo appeare in sundrye of the sayd lawes, and for the varyete and number of them . . . the said lawes cannot conveniently . . . be put in good and due execution," it goes on to say that "yf the substance of as many of the said lawes as are meet to be continued shall be digested and reduced into one sole lawe and statute," there is good hope that idleness may be banished and husbandry advanced; and it enacts accordingly. Under James we have the Statutes of Limitations and of Monopolies; under Charles I. the "Petition of Right," and the Acts abolishing the Star Chamber and High Commission. To Charles II. we owe the famous statute which closed the era of feudalism by abolishing tenure by knight service. This, however, was merely the re-enactment of a Commonwealth ordinance. To the same reign belong also the "Statute of Frauds," the "Habeas Corpus Act," the "Statute of Distributions," the "Act of Uniformity," and "an Act for Prohibiting the Planting, Setting, or Sowing of Tobacco in England and Ireland." Of the legislation of James II. nothing remains but a few words about the estates of persons dying intestate.

Careful as has been the scrutiny to which these early statutes have been subjected, they still contain a good deal that is obsolete; but those who were responsible for the expurgation Acts were doubtless right in erring, if at all, on the side of prudence. To go much further would be a delicate matter, especially in dealing with Magna Charta and other great landmarks of the Constitution. Some Acts, we are told in the preface, "not being of practical legal value," are omitted, and reserved for a supplemental volume. This we submit to be a mistake, and to indicate some misapprehension, on the part of the editor, of the nature of the work he has to do. He is preparing a law-book, not a book of historical materials. If, therefore, these reserved Acts are in force, they should appear in their proper places; if they are repealed, he has no concern with them whatever. Scientific accuracy, not "practical legal value," is the object of such a work as this. The preface also informs us that "Acts of a local or personal or private nature are omitted." This is as it should be, but we could wish that some criterion by which such Acts are to be known had been clearly enunciated by competent authority. Subject to these trifling criticisms, we receive the work with thankfulness, both to the Superintending Committee and to the editor, for the scholarly manner in which it has been compiled. When, however, the series of Revised Statutes shall have been brought down to the present day, it is to be hoped that the Government will not rest satisfied with the achievement. Such a series is valuable mainly as a step towards something better. It has neither the historical interest of a full collection of Acts of Parliament, nor, on the other hand, is it satisfactory considered as a body of law. The method proper for a law-book is, not chronological sequence, but the order of ideas. Now that we are, for the first time, enabled readily to ascertain what laws are still valid, no time should be lost in commencing a systematic and wholesale process of consolidation.

IONA.*

THE papers on Iona contributed by the Duke of Argyll to *Good Words* have been made into a book, and it is certainly a pretty book. And we are far from despising a book which is certainly a pretty book, which in nothing falls below that level and in many things rises above it. As papers in a popular magazine, these chapters on Iona very nearly reach the ideal of a popular paper or lecture. They are pleasantly and unaffectedly written, and they are well fitted to discharge what we take to be the main object of such papers and lectures, that of guiding people to a subject and setting them to think about it. We are not ashamed to confess that we put down the Duke's little book with a wish to know more about Iona and St. Columba than we knew when we began it. This we conceive to be exactly the frame of mind in which a man ought to go away from a lecture or rise up from reading a paper in *Good Words*. Our only doubt is whether a book, even a little book, ought not to do something more for us than this. And we suspect that, if the Duke of Argyll had in the first instance sat down to write a book, he would have given us something more. The model for a book about St. Columba would, we take it, have been Mr. Church's book about St. Anselm. And without putting the Duke of Argyll on a level with Mr. Church, we conceive that he might have been no unworthy follower of such a model. As it is, he has given us, not a book, but a reprint of certain magazine articles. He therefore only suggests, or at most sketches, the things which a book, even a little book, ought, in some measure at least, to work out. They need not be worked out with any great display of ponderous learning, but they should be something more than suggested. Still, if we are only to suggest and sketch, it is no small matter to suggest the right things and to sketch them in the right way. And this amount of praise we can ungrudgingly give to the Duke of Argyll. We do not know that his little book contains anything very new or very deep. But it contains the right things. His ideas on most matters are clear and correct; he is free from the popular confusions which beset the mass of popular writers on early times, and he picks out the right points to drive, as far as he can drive them, into the popular mind. He does not, like so many writers of the same class, represent the state of mind of a past age; he is aware of the existence of the latest lights and he has made a fairly good use of them. Writers who do this serve a very useful purpose as interpreters between the writers of larger works and that vast *Demos* or general public who, when he is dealt with as a reasonable being, is by no means so great a fool as might be thought. Above all, the Duke, in his character of interpreter, does specially good service in one very important branch. It is plain that to him chronology is a living thing. A date is not to him simply three or four dull, dry, figures. To his mind a date plainly calls up a picture. In dealing with Columba, he makes us better understand who and what Columba was by reminding us what events were going on in other parts of the world in Columba's time, and how far Columba may have been affected by them. That is to say, he tries, as he should try, to fix the place of Columba, not only in the particular history of Iona or even of Scotland, but in the general history of mankind. He has also a very good way of stopping to point out the distance of time between such and such events and persons, say, for instance, between Columba and Malcolm Canmore. For this particular instance we are inclined to call down special blessings on the Duke's head. When we remember how large a sect believes that all Englishmen from the fifth to the eleventh century lived at the same time, the Duke's simple application of Cocker to show that five hundred years passed away between the sixth century and the eleventh becomes little short of a revelation of esoteric mysteries to the multitude. If a man thoroughly takes in that five hundred years passed away between Columba and Malcolm Canmore, it is not too much to hope that he may go on to take in that the same space of time passed away between Gregory the Great and Gregory the Seventh. If so, he may learn that those two renowned Pontiffs were not, as so many think, one and the same person, and that their dealings with the English Church and nation were not altogether of the same kind.

It undoubtedly marks a certain general spread of historical knowledge, when the Duke of Argyll, in trying to draw a picture of the days of St. Columba, carries us off to the wars of Belisarius and of Cæswlin. It is pressing language a little too far to talk of Rome—in the sixth century and not in the last year of the eighth—"pouring forth her Senate and people to welcome with Imperial honours a barbarian King." But it marks a new stage of things that, in a popular sketch of this kind, such references and illustrations as these should be thought to throw any light upon the matter. Then again, though the Duke probably exaggerates the degree in which Roman society still survived in Southern Britain in the second half of the sixth century, it is something for him to point out that, when Columba came to his island, England as England was not yet fully formed, that powerful Roman and British elements still survived in the land, that the work of heathen conquest was still going on, and that Columba may most likely have heard, as the last piece of news in the last year of his life, that missionaries from Rome were beginning to preach to the Teutonic invaders in the South of the island words of the same Gospel which he was himself spreading among the Celts of the North. It is clear that by comparative chronology of this sort the Duke of Argyll's readers will carry off a much clearer notion of the real position of Columba in the history of the world. But

it is no less clear that it is only quite lately that any one would have thought of illustrating the life of Columba in such a way. It touches the subject yet more closely when the Duke goes on to point out that Columba and Benedict were contemporaries, and thence goes on to compare the monasticism of the East, the West, and the North. The comparison is fairly enough drawn, though the Duke, who is merciful to Abbots, once stops to have a mild fling at Bishops, probably because Abbots have vanished while Bishops still exist. But a mild fling at Bishops may well be forgiven in one who is writing about Iona. Certainly episcopacy never showed itself elsewhere in so strange a form as that which it took in the early Irish and Scottish Churches. The Bishop without jurisdiction, the subject of the Presbyter-Abbot, kept by him as a sort of ordaining machine, to perform at his bidding the mysterious functions which he could not perform himself, is one of the most astounding spectacles in ecclesiastical history, and may well be a matter of puzzlement, if not of scandal, to all sects all round.

The second chapter has mainly to do with the description of Columba's island and with Columba's life in it. Some, however, of the most interesting points in it have been touched on in the first chapters, particularly the alleged prophetic and miraculous powers of Columba. On these points the Duke's talk is a little hazy; it strikes us that he is more than half inclined to believe in the saint's miracles, but that he does not quite like to say so. But he does well to point out that there are a great many cases in which we may believe every detail of an alleged miraculous story, and yet not believe that it really was miraculous. This subject was long ago handled by Professor Stubbs in his edition of the *Waltham History*. On the other hand, while we must allow, with the Duke, that many portions of the miraculous narratives are deliberate inventions, it does not at all follow that they are inventions made with the deliberate purpose to deceive. There are, as Mr. Grote says, stages of the human mind in which the distinction between truth and falsehood in matters of fact is but very feebly felt. If a story was in character and conveyed a good moral, men were not careful to test very strictly whether it happened or not. Possibly the same process is not wholly unknown even in our own times. Many stories must, in strictness of speech, be said to have been invented, while the practical state of the case is really better set forth by saying that they grew of themselves. Tales of this kind, however false as matters of fact, are widely different from intentional pious frauds, tales deliberately invented in the interest of some particular doctrine or some particular foundation.

In his third chapter the Duke gives us the beautiful story of the death of Columba, which in some points reminds us of the death of our own Bæda. He also gives a sketch of the geology of the island and of its later history, of the ravages of the Northmen, and of the later ecclesiastical foundations. It is certainly disappointing that nothing remains in Iona of the age of Columba or of many ages after. An ordinary mediæval cathedral, though small and simple and far from unsuited to its position, seems out of place on Columba's island. We should have been better pleased to find buildings which, even if not of Columba's age, might be fairly looked on as the relics of Columba's system. A group of chapels like those of Glendalough or Clonmacnois, even a round tower like those of Brechin or Abernethy, would be felt to be more in character with the spot than what is actually found there. That we never feel this kind of regret in England is a sign of the comparative modernness of English Christianity. Buildings before and after the Norman Conquest no doubt differed much from one another, but both may be classed together in opposition to the primitive buildings of the earlier Celtic Church. It is a strange thing that, while Ireland is so rich in this class of remains, and while Scotland is not wholly devoid of them, Wales has absolutely nothing to show. The truest relic of Celtic Christianity in Southern Britain is to be found by a kind of figure in the work of Henry of Blois at Glastonbury.

We are then quite prepared to thank the Duke of Argyll for a pretty little book, and one which we think may serve a good purpose, but we cannot help thinking that, when he was making a book, he might have made a little more of it. But we live in an age of fugitive papers, and we suppose that, especially in dealing with Dukes, we must be satisfied to take what we can get.

ACCLIMATIZATION IN ANTIQUITY.*

ONE of the most agreeable essays in our language is that in which Mr. Herman Merivale, following the Danish botanist Schouw, has endeavoured to reconstruct the landscape that offered itself to the gaze of the inhabitants of Pompeii, and to trace the changes since occasioned by physical convulsions and the introduction of new descriptions of vegetation, the latter implying to some extent the disappearance of the old. Schouw's observations are to a considerable degree deductions from Pompeian decorative paintings, where natural objects are represented conventionally indeed, but with sufficient fidelity for the purpose. More recently, the fragments of straw sifted from the slime of Egyptian pyramids, and subjected to the scrutiny of the microscope, have led to interesting conclusions respecting the cultivation and probable aspect of the Nile valley at a period as far anterior to Pompeii as Pompeii to Philadelphia. These valuable researches are but

* *Kulturpflanzen und Hausthiere in ihrem Uebergang aus Asien nach Griechenland und Italien, sowie in das übrige Europa. Historisch-linguistische Skizzen.* Von Victor Hehn. Berlin: Bornträger. London: Nutt.

* *Iona.* By the Duke of Argyll. London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

partial episodes of a great subject, intimately associated with, and in some conditions of society practically equivalent to, the history of civilization itself. It is indeed no accident that the words *culture* and *cultivation* should equally denote the reclamation of the soil and the improvement of the inhabitant. Herr Victor Hehn's history of the introduction of useful plants and animals into Europe is much more than a merely zoological or botanical work. Being based upon the testimony of the ancients, it necessarily teems with classical quotations and allusions. In other respects it is perfectly adapted to the use of the general reader, who has cause to thank the author for the easy tact with which he has handled a somewhat formidable mass of erudition, and the skill with which he has made it intelligible and attractive. We have only to regret that an apparent desire to appear original where originality was impossible should have led him to suppress the names and ignore the services of former writers, of whose labours his own work is in fact little else than a compendious and elegant digest.

The subject of acclimatization, interesting at all times, is especially so at present, from its bearing on modern speculations with reference to natural and artificial selection in the animal and vegetable world. Such substitutions of one order of natural products for another as are now taking place under our own observation may be discriminated into two classes—those effected by natural agencies, and those designedly promoted by the intervention of man. Human agency frequently falls under the former of these divisions, many of the most remarkable natural changes having been accomplished by its involuntary operation. Thus the indigenous growths of the Southern hemisphere, more especially of Chili and New Zealand, are rapidly giving place to a vegetation introduced from the other side of the world; a result not originally contemplated by the settler, and in some instances, such as the dissemination of thistles over Australia, exceedingly contrary to his interest. These vast revolutions do not fall within the scope of Herr Hehn's book, which however supplies an example on a smaller scale equally to the purpose—the conquest of the shores of the Mediterranean by American plants. It would not be easy to produce a more perfect instance of adaptation to surrounding local conditions than the existence of the cactus and aloe in these regions, while their harmony with the characteristic features and general spirit of the landscape renders it difficult to realize their true history as exotics—things of yesterday in comparison with the indigenous flora which they have dislodged. Such, however, is the fact; and they are but the type of an immigrant host similar in characteristics, though not imported from such a distance—"thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered, thorny and prickly bushes," as defined by Fraas. The same botanist adds that the yew, the alder, the hornbeam, the cornel, and the ash, trees whose ancient prevalence in Greece is attested by the poetry of Homer and the science of Theophrastus, have been almost entirely displaced by the heathy and prickly growths in question. The change is hardly for the better, but it is observed by Herr Hehn that the predominance of these plants, which is mainly due to the impoverishment of the soil, is gradually restoring the fertility of the latter by the accumulation of vegetable mould. Thus, if the observation be correct, the way may be prepared for yet another order of vegetation, not one member of which, perhaps, has yet found its way to the localities where it is destined to prevail.

The immediate object, however, of Herr Hehn's volume is to trace the history of those valuable natural productions which have been designedly encouraged by man. As with the progress of refinement in general, the course of acclimatization ran uniformly from east to west, until a counter-current was generated by the discovery of America, an event which has profoundly modified the diet, and with it the circumstances, of the inhabitants of the Old World. The potato in Ireland is a familiar instance of this; and the substitution of maize for rice must have considerably affected those extensive regions of Asia throughout which it has taken place. Tobacco is another American importation for which we ought to be thankful, not so much on account of any salutary properties of its own as for the check its counter-attractions have imposed upon the use of opium, hashish, and other more pernicious narcotics. By far the greater part, however, of European agricultural acquisitions is of Oriental origin, and, notwithstanding the African affinities recognised by Professor Haer in the cultivated plants recovered from the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, our principal obligations under this head are due to the Semitic race. The agricultural instinct among the Semites was hardly less powerful than the commercial or the religious; witness the hanging gardens of Babylon, the wealth of floral, sylvan, and botanical allusion in the Scriptures, and Mago's great work on agriculture, preserved by the special decree of the Roman Senate from the general wreck of Punic literature. The dispersion of one principal branch of the race, and the nature of the territory possessed by the other, are at present unfavourable to the development of the national faculties in this direction. The explorations of recent travellers have nevertheless disclosed a high state of cultivation in many parts of Central and Southern Arabia; and the most fertile districts of Spain owe their productiveness to the works of irrigation executed by her Moorish conquerors. Cotton and sugar were acclimatized by the Saracens in the south of Europe, and although their cultivation in those districts never attained very considerable proportions, it was the germ of their diffusion over the New World, with all its amazing consequences. To the Arabs we also owe the cultivation of the saffron and safflower for commercial purposes, and our gardens are indebted to them for the jessamine. One of the most

remarkable illustrations of Saracen agricultural enterprise is afforded by the history of the papyrus, which, having entirely disappeared from Egypt, only survives at present, so far as civilized countries are concerned, in a few spots in Sicily, where it was introduced by the Arabs during their supremacy.

The principal obligations, however, under which European agriculture lies to the Oriental races are of much longer standing and greater importance than the imperfect naturalization of such originally tropical growths as sugar and cotton. The discovery of wine is lost in the night of antiquity, but the legend of the education of Bacchus in the Arabian city Nyssa is probably an indirect acknowledgment of its Semitic origin. We can pronounce with more certainty respecting the fig and the olive. The fruit of the former is never mentioned as an article of food in the *Iliad*; and the notices of oil, though frequent, seem to imply an imported and valuable commodity, principally used in funeral ceremonies or as an unguent. The few passages of the *Odyssey* from which a contrary conclusion might be drawn have long been suspected, on other grounds, as interpolations. The melon and cucumber, so indispensable to Homer's Egyptian contemporaries, were also unknown to him, and seem from the allusions of the comic poets to have been regarded as curiosities as late as the time of Plato. A more important contribution to culture was the palm, first cultivated, according to Ritter, by the Nabatheans, and referred to as a surprising phenomenon by the Homeric Ulysses. The Greek name of the tree sufficiently indicates the quarter from which it came. The naïveté of the reference, as well as the chariness of allusion to the fig and similar products, is a powerful argument for the antiquity and purity of Homer's text. The rose and lily were also probably of Semitic introduction, but not of Semitic origin; the names of these flowers being Persian. Of Persian extraction are also the cypress, the peach, and the cherry, the last-named introduced into Italy by Lucullus; the peach and its congeners were unknown until the first century of our era. The citron was known to Pliny as an ornamental tree grown indoors; in the third century it is mentioned as a wall-tree, protected by matting; in the fourth, it could be cultivated as a standard under favourable circumstances. The Seville orange and the lemon came in with the Crusades; the sweet orange, which Mr. Leighton has courageously introduced into his procession of Syracusan virgins *tempore Theocriti*, was brought from China by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century. To China we also owe the silkworm, which has in its turn influenced European arboriculture by occasioning the introduction of a new species of mulberry-tree, the *morus alba*. The domestication of animals, as well as of plants, is a subject of Herr Hehn's volume. We can here only allude in this connexion to the remarkable circumstance that the camel never appears upon the Egyptian monuments, and seems not to have been employed in Africa as a beast of burden until the third century of our era. It is figured on the Assyrian sculptures, and its domestication is therefore probably to be reckoned among the benefits which mankind have received from the Semitic race.

One reflection is naturally suggested by the history of acclimatization—the slowness with which the process has advanced. Many centuries have been expended in accomplishing what might have been speedily performed had anything like a systematic organization and intelligent direction of human energy existed among the ancients. War, slave labour, the difficulty of communication, the absence of all idea of co-operative enterprise, the singular want of public curiosity, are conclusive reasons why nothing of the kind could be attempted in former ages. With the exception of the first, these causes have ceased to operate; and there should now be no delay in making all the products of the earth available for the use of all its inhabitants. The recent successful transplantation of the cinchona plant to India is a memorable example of the good which may be wrought by the application of intelligent perseverance to this end; the introduction of salmon into the Australian rivers will, it is to be hoped—we dare not say expected—prove a similar instance; and there is room for others nearer home. Much, for example, has been written on the probable effects of the apprehended exhaustion of our coalfields upon our manufacturing industry; nothing, so far as we are aware, upon the consequences of a failure of fuel for domestic purposes. It is nevertheless apparent that we could more easily exist without manufactures than without cookery and warmth; and that, while the former privation may be irremediable, it would be easy to provide against the latter. A very moderate addition to the county rate would, within a few years, line the roadsides and cover waste spots with timber; which, whether required as a substitute for mineral fuel or not, would in time become an important source of revenue, to say nothing of numerous incidental advantages which will readily occur upon consideration.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.*

THE author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* is one of the most industrious of our literary artisans. He turns out his novels with a regularity and despatch which may remind us of Mr. Trollope, if he falls somewhat behind the incomparable Alexandre Dumas. It is not for us to reproach him with his fertility, or to argue that he possesses talents which might be turned to better account if

* *Like Father, like Son.* By the Author of "*Lost Sir Massingberd*." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1870.

he would give himself time to accumulate thought before pouring out narrative, and to prune and polish the periods which flow so freely from his pen. We must assume that he has sufficient motives for preferring the less ambitious line of art. After all, a man does not commit a crime when he chooses to write a number of inferior stories instead of a single good one. He may have a dozen reasons for such a course which are quite satisfactory to himself; and so long as he is content to treat his readers to rather small beer, and does not poison it by any deleterious ingredients, we shall simply criticize it in the spirit in which it is given. The world wants to be amused, as well as to be awed and excited. A lively, sparkling narrative, with bits of clever description, with occasional flashes of humour, and well enough constructed to keep our attention on the alert, is no bad thing in its way; and we can dispense for a time with profound views of men and manners, with passionate expressions of sentiment or philosophical theories embodied in appropriate types.

Looking upon *Like Father, like Son* from this point of view, we may pronounce it to be a successful novel; though the obstinate inquirer who will not be satisfied with a superficial glance, and is too proud to be simply amused, may easily discover the weaknesses produced by haste and flimsy workmanship. However much inclined by nature to leniency, we are bound as critics to point out the shortcomings due to this method of manufacturing stories. We can to some extent follow the process by which the book has been constructed. The author has, in the first place, looked about for an appropriate background for his story. He has chosen an ancient family mansion, belonging to one Carew of Crompton, in the midland counties. He has also on hand some descriptions of the romantic English scenery on the coast of Cornwall. The story therefore opens amidst the woods of "Breakneckshire," and is then transferred to the granite cliffs, the picturesque old castles, and the deserted mines of Gethin. To our minds the first district is most effectively described. Carew, the father who gives his name to the title, is a reproduction of the celebrated Jack Mytton. He is a wild, profligate spendthrift, who is doing his best to consume his property and ruin his constitution by every variety of extravagance. He keeps a bear and a breed of ferocious bulldogs; and when his guests are late for dinner, proposes to draw them like badgers by the help of these amiable assistants. In return, they hold it fair play to defend themselves by firing pistols through the doors of their dressing-rooms. The neighbouring rustics are rather proud of Mr. Carew than otherwise, and delight to recount wild legends as to the incredible leaps he has taken in hunting, and to tell how for a bet he has ridden his horse up marble staircases, or driven stags four-in-hand through the market town. He and his friends disguise themselves one night as poachers, in order to have the pleasure of a fight with the gamekeepers, who have been carefully posted in anticipation of a raid upon the coverts. He keeps a chaplain, who prefaces dinner with a view-halloa instead of grace; and a ruined gentleman serves him as professional jester and henchman. The wild young fellows who keep him company frequently end the evening with a free fight and a wholesale destruction of valuable hereditary china. The son of this pleasing person owes his existence to a marriage into which the squire considers himself to have been tricked in his minority, and the invalidity of which has been declared by a court of law. However, the son, whose likeness to his father consists in his being a scapegrace of a different variety, manages to introduce himself into the establishment in the hope of being acknowledged as heir. Unluckily for him, his father's one virtue is a regard for the truth, and in that virtue the son is remarkably deficient. Consequently he is kicked out of the house after a very short stay, and betakes himself to Cornwall, to attempt another line of assault; and the scenery is entirely shifted. The sketch of Crompton Hall is amusing enough; and there are hints of good characters amongst the subordinate actors. But the author cannot take the trouble to work out his design; he just introduces us to the old house, tells us half a dozen lively anecdotes, and then, lest we should be tired, whisks us off to the other end of England. He allows us a peep at a very eccentric establishment, but he cannot be bothered to go far into its secrets, or to do more than just sketch a hasty caricature of its queer inhabitants.

We remember that we only want to be amused; and we hurry off as rapidly as may be to the primitive village of Gethin, with its sturdy, cunning miners, its superstitious fishermen, and its wild cliffs and ruins. The main incident in this part of the story is that the younger Carew falls in love with a beautiful daughter of a shrewd native innkeeper. Her suspicious old father thinks him a humbug, and the suspicion is increased when his claims of being legitimate heir to the elder Carew are entirely repudiated by the old squire. Young Carew tries to make up for the exposure by offering to produce 2,000*l.* in gold; and, to make his promise good, manages to steal the sum required from the innkeeper himself. This ingenious trick is discovered just too soon, and the luckless young Carew is sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, thus enabling the author first to describe a criminal trial—a proceeding for which he has the modesty to apologize—and, secondly, to give us a thrilling account of convict life. This section of the story gives room for some vigorous dramatic situations. The lovely Cornish girl, for example, is in the terrible difficulty of either giving evidence which may convict her lover, or of gaining his acquittal by telling a lie, in which case her father swears that she shall be turned out to hopeless beggary. She is ultimately induced to speak the truth by a promise from her father that he will beg for her lover's pardon; he deliberately breaks his

promise, and forces her to marry another man. The terrible tortures which are thus provided would excuse, or rather should necessitate, some scenes of passionate emotion. Again, however, we are in too great a hurry to dwell upon such trifles. The young lady does indeed show symptoms of considerable excitement, and has a passionate interview or two with her father, who is forcing her into a hateful marriage, the lover who thinks she is betraying him of her own free will, the husband who takes her in spite of herself, and the mother of her lover, who tries to persuade her to perjury on his behalf. The father, for example, addresses her in the following terms, when speaking of her lover:—

I tell you, if this villain had fifty lives, and the law would help me to them, I would exact them all! If he stood here, I would brain him with yonder staff; and if my curse could follow him beyond the grave—as my vengeance shall to the grave's brink—he should perish in eternal fire! . . . You will never see him more; but I shall once. My mouth shall witness against him to the uttermost; these ears shall hear the judge pronounce on him his righteous doom.

The young lady, to do her justice, faints away more or less on this and similar occasions; but she gets over them with a rapidity more creditable to the strength of her constitution than to the depth of her emotions. When her lover is in gaol, she makes the best of a bad job; marries his rival, and gets on with him very comfortably, in spite of a few occasional misunderstandings. The fact is simply that the author has not the patience to give us a genuine description of passion, or does not believe that his readers will take him seriously enough to care for it. He hastily dashes in the first bit of melodramatic rant that he happens to think of, and hurries on to something more attractive. We may have situations of the most harrowing kind, and plenty of them; but we must be content with the most cursory indications of the sentiments of the actors. Indeed the author has so picturesque a catastrophe in store for us that we do not wonder at his being slightly impatient. We shall not describe how the unlucky convict, who has been brooding over his vengeance for nearly twenty years, finally gets free, and proceeds to pay off old scores. It is enough to say that he manages to induce his hated rival to descend an abandoned mine, and then, removing the ladder, leaves him to starve or to be eaten by the rats. The conversation which passes between the victim and the murderer, when the trap has been successfully sprung, is truly diabolical; and, as it is hard to say which of the two actors is the greater villain, we may perhaps call it edifying. By this time, however, the author has got into rather a curious difficulty. Every one of his characters is so wicked that he has nobody who can be trusted to live very happily ever afterwards. The main performers have come to deservedly bad ends; and as even the attractive heroine has a very decided stain upon her character, we are rather at a loss for a pleasant conclusion to the story. It would never do, however, to wind up after the fashion of the good old times by leaving everybody for execution. Accordingly the worst character, who is a thief, seducer, murderer, cheat, and scamp in general, is summarily converted and allowed the melancholy satisfaction of a deathbed repentance. Then two or three characters which have been seriously damaged in the course of the story are sufficiently whitewashed to be treated to a peaceful old age; and as peaceful old ages and deathbed repentances do not give room for the proper display of fireworks, an entirely new young lady and new young gentleman are introduced off-hand for the express purpose of marrying each other, and securing the regular princely fortune and old family mansion whose artistic charms our author cannot quite resist, though he expresses his objection to such things on principle. The young gentleman, we regret to say, rather suffers in character from mixing himself up with the extremely objectionable persons who have worked through the two first volumes and a-half; but their providential removal leaves him just good enough to be kept right by an exemplary wife.

There are plenty of indications that the author of *Like Father, like Son* could do better if he chose; as it is, he has many clever descriptions, and his first volume promises better things than are quite realized. The simple fact is that he is content to keep upon the surface, to give us a series of lively pictures cleverly strung together, and to slur over the parts where a writer with more respect for his art or his readers would try specially to put out his strength. He does not care enough for his characters really to enter into their emotions, and of course emotions cannot under such circumstances be very forcibly expressed. The old squire and his son, and the shrewd old miner and the women who are unlucky enough to be involved in their plots, are cleverly drawn shadows, but they have not, and scarcely affect to have, any genuine substance. We laugh at them, or are mildly excited over their adventures, for an hour or two; and when we put the book down, we cannot but regret the changes which have made literature rather a trade than a profession.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—FROM 1789 TO 1815.

THERE are few sources, perhaps, which can be more profitably consulted on the political history of the French Revolution than the song-books and plays of the period. Where the government is a "despotism tempered by epigrams," vaudevilles and comedies may serve to elucidate the gravest problems of statesmanship; and, as a matter of fact, the scurrilous but amusing *Recueil de Mauvepas*, to name only a single instance, contains the history of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Let us confine ourselves, however, to the quarter of a century beginning with the year 1789, and see what evidence we have in poetry and the drama as to the state of public opinion amongst our neighbours. We shall find that the results collected equal in interest those supplied by the literature of journalism, whilst they have the additional advantage of being, generally speaking, a little less coarse.

As M. Hatin's *Histoire politique et littéraire de la Presse en France* served us as a guide on a previous occasion, so now we shall avail ourselves of the information given in the late M. Théodore Muret's excellent work, *L'Histoire par le Théâtre*.^{*} We thus have a key, so to speak, to another set of documents preserved in Mr. Croker's collection, and we can study them without any difficulty.

If, during the few years which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, the feelings and aspirations of the French people found utterance in pamphlets and newspaper articles, they also, despite the rigour of the press laws, came before the footlights and borrowed the garments of the Comic Muse. In writing the history of those exciting times it would be impossible to leave unnoticed the precursors of Liberalism, and under this category Beaumarchais deserves a distinct mention quite as much as Jean Jacques Rousseau. The *Mariage de Figaro* and the *Barbier de Séville*† should not be forgotten when the *Contrat social* is mentioned. Thanks to Voltaire, to Diderot, to Sédaine, to Marmontel himself, the French stage was at that time a powerful agent of political opposition. As M. Saint-Marc Girardin has remarked, the *esprit philosophique*, or, in other terms, the spirit of antagonism to abuses of every kind, had taken possession of the stage, as well as of all other branches of literature. When tragedies were performed the declamations against fanaticism were the points which especially excited the applause of the spectators; comedies fell flat unless they were full of maxims about the great law of equality; the comic operas and vaudevilles contained lessons of morality set to the newest popular tunes; the stage had become a lecture-room, and was on the way to be transformed into a political club. Beaumarchais had the merit of being more pointed and more directly aggressive than his *confrères*. His *Figaro* sounded no uncertain strains; it gave the signal and the programme of the Revolution. Figaro is a truly Rabelaisian character; like Panurge, he represents mental superiority united to social inferiority; he embodies the eternal contrast between talent and rank—a contrast which is so often made a ground of accusation against society, although it might be difficult to substantiate the charge. The *Barbier de Séville* had already excited, as we may easily suppose, the indignation of the various classes which represented the principles of order and authority—the King, the magistrates, the *lieutenant de police*, the Keeper of the Seals, and the Church. The scandal had reached its highest pitch, and to an ordinary observer it would have seemed impossible that Beaumarchais should ever bring out another play written from the same point of view, and containing attacks still more terrible on the political institutions of the age than those which were to be found in the *Barbier*. Beaumarchais succeeded, however; he had exclaimed, in a fit of temper, "The King will not allow the performance of my play, therefore it shall be performed," and he was determined to win the wager made by the Prince de Conti to the effect that Figaro could not be again delineated as the hero of a second comedy conceived on broader proportions than the *Barbier*. We must refer our readers to the Memoirs of Madame Vigée-Lebrun‡ for an amusing account of the difficulties which arose in connexion with the performance of the *Mariage de Figaro*, and for the manner in which these difficulties were overcome. After a long resistance, Louis XVI. was weak enough to yield, and Beaumarchais triumphed through the assistance of the courtiers—a class of men whom he had made, in his first play, the butt of his keenest satire. But French society was then doing its best to hasten its own destruction, and it supplied with weapons those who were most bent upon sweeping away the old order of things.

When the first blow had been dealt by the victors of the Bastille, and the Government of Louis XVI. had been denounced as a despotism, the poet of the Revolution stepped forth just as its orator had done, and Marie-Joseph Chénier became, in his own peculiar line, a second Mirabeau. In his hands tragedy assumed the character of a pamphlet still more than it had done in those of Voltaire, and *Charles IX*§ is a virulent but tedious piece of special pleading against monarchical institutions. Interesting as an historical document, it is worthless as an artistic production. The Alexandrine couplet of the classical school, at the best, is dull enough; Chénier manages to make it quite intolerable. Like the *Mariage de Figaro*, *Charles IX* was an innovation. In the witty comedy of Beaumarchais, Alnaviva represented the aristocracy, and Figaro the people, of the eighteenth century; the *dramatis personæ* of the tragedy could, in a similar manner, be easily identified with the leading political characters of the day. Charles IX. was Louis XVI., Chancellor L'Hôpital stood for M. Necker, and Coligny meant General La

Fayette; the courtiers had to wince under the stern remonstrances apparently directed against the Guises; and the clergy were perfectly well aware that, when the Cardinal de Lorraine was taken to task, it was for them a case of *tua res agitur*. The great, the radical vice of what is called *ouvrages de circonstance* is that their literary merit is, generally speaking, absolutely null; in most cases the author's sole anxiety is to hit hard, and for the sake of doing so he often disregards the laws of taste. Contrary to the usual ambition of poets, he writes, not for posterity, but for his own times, and sinks all his capital at once. It would be unfair, perhaps, to confound Chénier altogether with authors of this kind, but still there is no doubt that *Charles IX*, *Henry VIII*, *Calas*, *Fénelon*, and most of his compositions have their sole *raison d'être* in the passions of the Revolutionary period; and that the few really fine passages they contain could not otherwise have saved them from oblivion. The tragic pamphlet to which he gave the name of *Gracchus** deserves to be mentioned here, because it is a loud echo of the stormy debates which were agitating the National Convention in 1792. When, at the first performance of the play, the following couplet was pronounced—

Des lois et non du sang! Ne souillez point vos mains.
Romain, oseriez-vous égorger des Romaines?

the Montagnard Albitte, sitting in one of the boxes, exclaimed in an ominous voice, "*Du sang et non des lois!*" It was not the first time that an allusion, an idea, a name dropping from the lips of an actor, created a disturbance in the theatre, and made of the pit a kind of battle-field. "*Vive libre et sans roi* . . .," says Voltaire, in his tragedy of *Brutus*. It was no use, during the first years of the Revolution, attempting to finish the line; the actor's voice was drowned amidst the shouts of "*Vive le roi!*" sent forth by the aristocratic occupants of the boxes, and the counter-shouts of "*Vive la nation!*" proceeding from the patriots in the pit. Sédaine's *Richard Cœur de Lion*† had risen to the dignity of a Royalist comic opera, and Collé's *Partie de chasse de Henri IV*‡ was played as a kind of challenge flung by the Court party to the champions of the Rights of Man. We shall not weary our readers with a long list of all the dramatic platitudes which came up like bubbles on the top of the seething Revolutionary cauldron. From Voltaire we have been obliged to descend to Chénier; lower still we find a five-act melodrama on the subject of the taking of the Bastille§, a play of Collet d'Herbois where Socrates was intended to make the public think of Mirabeau||, and a stupid tragedy by Ronsin, entitled *La Ligue des Fanatiques et des Tyrans*, from which we may quote by way of specimen three lines which, like Massillon's famous apostrophe in his sermon "on the small number of the elect," always brought the whole audience to their feet¶:—

La liberté française est un torrent rapide,
Qui sur les mauvais rois éteignant son courroux,
Dans ses flots orageux va les submerger!

With the Reign of Terror a new era began in the history of French dramatic literature. Till then the theatre had been comparatively free; every shade of public opinion could find an utterance; and if the performances too often degenerated into scandalous fights, yet Royalists, Girondists, and Montagnards had the same chance. The advent to power of Robespierre and his friends introduced a species of tyranny so much the more odious as it paraded itself about the streets of Paris under the Phrygian cap and the tricolour scarf. How mild, how truly paternal must the rule of the old *censeurs royaux* have seemed to playwrights and *vaudevillistes* compared with the inquisitorial susceptibilities of "citizen" Fouquier-Tinville! The new Republic had dispensed with God, and altered even the calendar; it was a small matter in comparison to violate the canons of literary taste, and to sans-culottise versification. We quoted just now Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus*. The following couplet from that work—

Arrêter un Romain sur de simples soupçons,
C'est agir en tyrans, nous qui les punissons;

was thus altered by order of the Committee of Public Safety:—

Arrêter un Romain sur un simple soupçon
Ne peut être permis qu'en révolution.

At a time when the *loi des suspects* was flourishing, the reading thus substituted appeared quite natural.

We give two or three more amusing instances of the same kind:—

CORNEILLE (*Le Menteur*, acte i. sc. 2).—Elle loge à la Place, et se nomme
Lucrèce. . . .
Quelle place? . . . *Royale*. . . .
New reading: Quelle place? . . . *des Piques*. . .

The metre of the line is wrong, but that was thought of little consequence compared with the purity of the sentiment:—

RACINE (*Phèdre*, acte iv. sc. 6).—Détestables flatteurs, présent le plus
funeste
Que puisse faire aux rois la colère
célèste!
New reading: Que puisse faire, hélas! . . .

* *Gracchus*. Tragédie en cinq actes. Par M.-J. Chénier. Paris: 1792.
† *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Opéra comique; paroles de Sédaine, musique de Grétry. Paris: 1784.

‡ *La partie de chasse de Henri IV*. Comédie. Par Collé. Paris: 1774.
§ *La Liberté conquise, ou le Despotisme vaincu*. Drame en cinq actes. 1789.

|| *Le Procès de Socrate*. 1791.

¶ *La Ligue des Fanatiques et des Tyrans*. Tragédie en trois actes. 1791.

* *L'Histoire par le Théâtre*. Par M. Th. Muret. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: Dentu.

† *Le Barbier de Séville, ou la Précaution inutile*. Comédie en quatre actes et en prose. *Le Mariage de Figaro, ou la Folle Journée*. Comédie en cinq actes et en prose.

‡ Vol. i. p. 147.

§ *Charles IX*. Tragédie en cinq actes. Par M.-J. Chénier. Paris: 1789.

MOLIÈRE (*Tartuffe*, acte v. sc. 7).—Nous vivons sous un prince ennemi de la fraude . . .

New reading: *Ils sont passés, ces jours d'injustice et de fraude . . .*

PIRON (*La Métromanie*, acte v. sc. 4).—Et moi, je vous soutiens qu'une action d'éclat

Ennoblit tout autant que le capitoul.

New reading: *Vaut cent mille fois mieux que le capitoul.*

Absurdity can scarcely go further.

Messrs. de Goncourt have well remarked, that during the Reign of Terror the French stage became a rostrum, destitute both of shame and dignity, where the victims of the Montagnards were insulted without being able to lodge an appeal to the nation, and where, at the cry of *à la pitié*, the heroes of one decade were dragged in the mud at the beginning of the decade following.

With the guillotine threatening them constantly, what dramatists would have been bold enough to protest? One did, and even if his play had been, as a literary production, a great deal worse than it really is, his name ought to be handed down to posterity. That man was Laya, and it certainly seems unaccountable that so anti-revolutionary a composition as *L'Ami des Lois* should have been allowed to appear in 1793, just before the execution of Louis XVI. The new comedy, brought out on the 2nd of January by the best actors of the Théâtre Français—Fleury, Dazincourt, St.-Prix, St.-Phal, &c. &c.—was poorly written and wretchedly conceived; but it possessed the merit, rare in those days, of being a vehement appeal to justice against the tyranny of the Jacobin faction, and it is an important *pièce justificative* in the history of the first Revolution.* We can easily imagine the excitement with which the model demagogue was received when he came before a house crammed from the pit to the ceiling, and stated his principles of political economy:—

De la propriété découlent à longs flots
Les vices, les horreurs, messieurs, tous les fléaux. . .
Dans votre République, un pauvre bête ment
Demande au riche! abus! Dans la mienne, il lui prend.
Tout est commun. Le vol n'est plus vol; c'est justice.
J'abolis la vertu pour mieux tuer le vice.

M. Mortimer Ternaux has described in his *Histoire de la Terreur* the amusing incidents connected with the performance of *L'Ami des Lois*—the Mayor of Paris, General Santerre, followed by his Staff, arriving at the theatre, and obliged to stand a rolling fire of sarcasms and hooting; the National Convention discussing whether the comedy should be tolerated or not; Laya dedicating his work to the Assembly in order to ward off the expected blow; and, finally, a decree issued forbidding, under severe penalties, the representation of dramatic productions which might have a political tendency. Laya, we need scarcely say, was sent to prison, and the events of the 9th Thermidor alone saved him from the guillotine. He died in 1833.

Even Marie-Joseph Chénier, in spite of all his Republican fervour, could not help thinking that the Terrorists were going a little too far, and he composed the tragedy of *Timoléon*† with the view of pointing out how they compromised the cause of freedom. Timophanes, a kind of Greek Robespierre, exclaims:—

Il faut qu'un magistrat, sage, actif, intrépide,
Opposant aux partis une invincible égide,
De tous les factieux confonde la fureur,
Et que la liberté règne par la Terreur.

Timoléon answers:—

Songez que la terreur ne fait que des esclaves.

And, a little further on, deploring the misfortunes under the weight of which Corinth, or rather France, is suffering:—

La tyrannie altière et de meurtres avide,
D'un masque révérend couvrant son front livide,
Usurpant sans pudeur le nom de liberté,
Roule au sein de Corinthe un char ensanglanté.

All this was bold enough. Chénier had written his play long before the catastrophe of Robespierre; some cause, however, prevented it from being performed at once, and the Reign of Terror was at an end when *Timoléon* was published. The period of the Directory and the Imperial régime do not supply us with any materials bearing upon our present subject. Political plays, *pièces à allusions*, as they were called, disappeared almost entirely, for the French were thoroughly weary of party squabbles, and they did not care to carry on their old fights even with the harmless weapons of Alexandrine couplets. Under the Empire controversial tragedies or comedies were impossible, and the silence which the press found itself obliged to keep extended of course to the stage.

In addition to the suggestive topic of the relation between dramatic literature and political history, there is another curious question of an incidental character which should be noticed here, and which relates to the opinions of the actors themselves. They very naturally took the same interest as their fellow-citizens in the events of the day, and whilst some inclined towards Republicanism, or at any rate liberal opinions, others remained Royalists. Talma, for example, was an enthusiastic supporter of the Revolution; Madlle. Raucourt, on the contrary, did not trouble herself to hide her loyal sentiments. Hence a series of annoyances and persecutions which would have ap-

peared ridiculous had they not been attended with dangerous consequences to those who had to suffer from them. The whole company of the Théâtre Français were arrested on a charge of aristocraticism, and kept in prison for six months. Madlle. Raucourt, one of the most celebrated amongst them, who had founded the Théâtre Louvois on the ruins of the old Comédie Française, after sharing the captivity of her former associates, was persecuted in the most arbitrary manner. The Republican Government had allowed her to bring out all the pieces of her classical *répertoire*, with the exception of Racine's *Athalie* and a play called *Les Comités révolutionnaires*. Trusting to this decision she got around her an excellent company of actors, and managed at a great expense to keep them together, when all of a sudden, on the most trifling pretext, a decree was issued ordering the suppression of the theatre. The fact was that her Royalist opinions were well known, and in the year V. of the Republic One and Indivisible no person could expect any justice who, we will not say expressed, but was supposed to entertain, the smallest amount of sympathy for the *ancien régime*. Madlle. Raucourt was accused by the *Journal des Hommes libres* "of exciting, both on the stage and out of it, by all the dramatic means in her power, hatred of the Revolution, and the satisfaction of public and private revenge. The frightful moral and political corruption of which her playhouse was the centre amply justified, in the eyes not only of Republicans but of impartial men, a measure which had become every day more and more indispensable. It was impossible to obtain from *messieurs les comédiens du roi* the slightest alteration in their system, the most trifling deviation from their principles." At a later period, when in the month of Pluviose of the year VI. Madlle. Raucourt took up the management of the Odéon Theatre, the *Journal des Hommes libres* continued its attacks upon the popular and spirited actress:—"Her Imperial and Royal Majesty Raucourt has just reopened her theatre at the Odéon. . . . A few Republicans had fondly believed that as directress of a Royalist club, and an avowed supporter of royalty, she should have taken the road to Madagascar. . . ."

This incident, selected from many others which we might quote, gives us an idea of the share which dramatic literature and the stage in general contributed to the progress of the Revolution; and, whilst studying this curious episode in the history of the last seventy years, who does not almost unwittingly think of Aristophanes, and of the Athenian democracy? The same passions, the same political organization, produce the same results, and one would almost fancy that the *sans-culottes* of 1793 had taken pains to copy some of the personages in the *Knights*. When the literary history of the first French Revolution is written, one of the most interesting chapters will be no doubt that which we have just endeavoured briefly to sketch. From Beaumarchais down to Laya, the chain of political dramatists is unbroken; and although we have selected only a few of the most conspicuous instances, yet the stock of materials to be consulted is quite inexhaustible. The terrible tragedies which were daily performed on the Place de la Révolution and at the Barrière du Trône had often been prepared before the footlights of some playhouse, and the unfortunate man whom the actor Dugazon turned into ridicule under the name of M. Moderantin could scarcely hope to escape the fatal sentence which fed the guillotine.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsvagent, on the day of publication.

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* *L'Ami des Lois*. Comédie en vers. Par J.-P. Laya. Paris: 1793.

† *Timoléon*. Tragédie en cinq actes. Par M.-J. Chénier. Paris: 1794.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—FIFTH SEASON.—The following Artists will appear at the Second Concert, Wednesday next: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Pater, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte: Mr. F. H. Cowen. The Part-Music under the direction of Mr. Fielding. Conductor: Mr. J. L. Stainer. Seats, 6s. Gallery, 3s. Area, 2s. Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES and MR. SANTLEY at the BALLAD CONCERT on WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The NINTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Gas. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

THE COAST OF NORWAY.—An EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS and PAINTINGS by ELIAH WALTON, including "THE MIDNIGHT SUN," PALL MALL GALLERY, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. Thompson's).—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s. Ten till dusk.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Burlington House.—The EXHIBITION OF PICTURES of the OLD MASTERS, associated with the Works of Deceased Masters of the British School, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, from 9 A.M. till dusk, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence; Season Tickets, not transferable, Five Shillings. JOHN FRESKOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871.—All OBJECTS intended for Exhibition must be delivered at the EXHIBITION BUILDINGS on the Days named below, viz.:

Machinery	1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th February.
Scientific Inventions	6th, 7th "
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—A GRAND BALL in aid of the FUNDS of this Hospital will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Tuesday, January 17, under the distinguished Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, &c. &c. Vouchers and Tickets can be obtained from the Ladies Patronesses, from the Stewards, and the Secretary at the Hospital, as well as at Willis's Rooms. Tickets, not transferable for Gentlemen, 21s.; for Ladies, 15s. All Refreshments included.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE. CLASSES FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A CLASS for the Preliminary Scientific Examination will be held from January to July, and will include all the Subjects required, as follows:
CHEMISTRY—H. E. ARMSTRONG, Ph.D.
BOTANY—The Rev. G. HENSLOW, M.A. Cantab., Lecturer on Botany to the Hospital.
ZOOLOGY and COMPARATIVE ANATOMY—W. S. CHURCH, M.D. Oxon., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy to the Hospital; late Lee's Reader in Anatomy at Christ Church, Oxford.
MECHANICAL and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—P. J. HENSLEY, M.D. Cantab., Fellow of Christ's Coll. Cambridge, Tutor to the Hospital.

Fee to Students of the Hospital	6 Guineas.
Fee to others	10 Guineas.
Fee for any Single Subject	3 Guineas.

To commence on Monday, January 9.

SPECIAL CLASSES in the Subjects required for this Examination will be held by the Lecturers on those Subjects.

Fee	5 Guineas.
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The next **MATRICULATION CLASS** will begin in March.

For particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the **RESIDENT WARDEN** of the College.

A COURSE OF LECTURES on the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION will be delivered, by permission of the Lord President of the Council on Education, in the Lecture Room of the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, commencing Thursday, January 26, at Eleven o'clock, and on each succeeding Thursday at the same hour, up to March 26, by J. K. SEALEY, Esq., M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Tickets for the Course, 21s.; to Teachers and Professional Students, 10s. 6d. each. Two Members of one Family, 10s. each. A Free Ticket will be granted to any Ladies' School, on application to the Treasurer, for the use of the Governors who accompany not less than Two Pupils.—Tickets may be had at the Museum, and of the SECRETARY, 20 Wilton Place, after January 12.

EDUCATIONAL LECTURES.—LONDON INSTITUTION. P. R. will commence a Course of Six Lectures on THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY, to be continued on the five succeeding Mondays, at the same hour.—Fee for the Course, Five Shillings. Number of Tickets limited.

On Tuesday, January 24, at 10 A.M., an **EXAMINATION in CHEMISTRY**, for Prizes and Certificates, will be held in the Library of the Institution. This Examination is open to Students, under the Age of Eighteen, who attended Dr. Odling's Course "On Chemical Action." Names of Candidates should be forwarded to the Principal Librarian without delay.

By Order, THOMAS PIPER, Hon. Sec.

MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S COURSES OF HISTORY (Home), English Language and Literature (Chancery), Critical Study of English Literature (Shakespeare—Midsummer Night's Dream, &c.), and English Reading and Composition, will recommence on Monday, January 23.—143 King Henry's Road, N.W.

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The NEW BUILDINGS erected by the President, His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, &c., are NOW OPEN.

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Master, Modern School—The Rev. G. R. GREEN, M.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, the 19th of January inst. Boarders to return on the previous Afternoon.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, Major F. T. GARLAND, The College, Eastbourne.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR TERM begins January 9.

The SENIOR TERM begins January 23.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—The following **SCHOLARSHIPS** will be OPEN for COMPETITION at Midsummer next, to BOYS who are of the undermentioned ages on June 24, 1871: 1. The Guthrie Scholarship of £70 a year, for Two years, open to Boys under Seventeen.—2. A Scholarship of £70 a year, offered by a Member of the Council, for Two years, or till Election to another Scholarship, open to Boys under Fifteen.—3. One or more House-Master's Scholarships of £25 a year for Two years, or till Election to another Scholarship, open to Boys under Sixteen.—4. One or more Council Scholarships of £25 a year, for Two years, or till Election to another Scholarship, open to Boys under Fifteen. Any Scholarship may be gained by proficiency, either in (1) Classics; or (2) Mathematics, with some branch of Natural Science; or (3) Mathematics, with French, or German and English. The Scholarships are Open to Boys in any School, but are tenable only at the College. Further particulars can be obtained of the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol. December 10, 1870.

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Principal—Dr. L. SCHMITZ, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

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Applications for Admission should be addressed to the PRINCIPAL; or the SECRETARY of the International Education Society, Limited, at the College, Spring Grove, Middlesex.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—There will be an ELECTION to TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, May 1871—Two of £20; Six of £10; Four of £20.—Apply to SECRETARY for fuller information.

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The Lent Term will commence on Saturday, January 14, 1871.

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The Examination will be chiefly Classical, but Papers will also be set in English Subjects generally, and great weight will be attached to special excellence in any one Subject. Candidates must not have exceeded their Sixteenth Year on the day of Examination.

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